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WINGED WORDS

ON

CHANTREY'S WOODCOCKS.

LONDON : WOODFALL AND KINDER, ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET.

Engraved by J. Redaway

WINGED WORDS

ON

CHANTREY'S WOODCOCKS.

EDITED

By JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, M.A.

WITH ETCHINGS.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
MDCCCLVII.

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Wellesley, the late Marquis, K.G.
Williams, the late Sir John.
Wrangham, the late Ven. Archdeacon.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PLATE

I. Monument to "Two Woodcocks, killed at Holkham, Nov. "1830, by Francis Chantrey, Sculptor, at One Shot; pre-"sented to Thos. Wm. Coke, Esq., 1834." Engraved by J. Redaway, from a drawing of the birds, presented by Sir Francis Chantrey to the late William Yarrell, Esq., and a sketch of the Monument by Miss Wall . . . *Frontispiece.*

II. Medal of the late Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A., by W. Wyon. Obverse: engraved by C. Chabot. Legend: "Chantrey, "Sculptor et Artium Fautor" . . . . . *To face page* ix.

III. Tail-piece to Introduction: a Brace of Pheasants: engraved on Wood from a drawing by the late Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A. . . . . *To face page* xxxvi.

IV. "They were lovely and pleasant in their Lives." Drawn and etched by J. Redaway . . . . . *To face page* 7.

V. "In their Death they were not divided." Drawn and etched by the same . . . . . *To face page* 49.

VI. "The place thereof shall know them no more." Drawn and etched by the same . . . . . *To face page* 111.

CHANTREY SCULPTOR ET ARTIUM FAUTOR

INTRODUCTION.

"Movemur enim nescio quo pacto locis ipsis, in quibus eorum, quos di-
"ligimus, aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia. . . . . studioseque eorum
"etiam SEPULCRA contemplor."—CIC. DE LEG. II. 2.

"For we are strangely affected, even by the places wherein are the foot-
"steps of those whom we love, or admire. . . . . and their very
"SEPULCHRES I contemplate with emotion."

THE occurrence in which the following collection of *jeux-d'esprit* had its origin, although perhaps not unknown to some of our readers, may to others stand in need of explanation. Having been at first an instance of very curious success in one of the sports of the field, it became much more remarkable when embodied in one of the most graceful triumphs of modern sculpture; and when celebrated, under that doubly-pleasing aspect, by the pens of many eminent scholars. The subject which could win from the chisel of Chantrey its best exertions in a labour of beauty and love, and then receive from a Wrangham, a Maltby, a Selwyn, a Tenterden, a Williams, an Alderson, a Wilberforce, a Scott, and a Wellesley, the tribute of their classical homage, is one "which Fame would not willingly let die."

The late Sir Francis Chantrey was, it is well known, much attached to two at least of the sports of the field; having loved shooting much, and fishing, perhaps, still more. Born near the windings of "the gentle Dove," he early acquired and always retained an affectionate fondness for "flowing rivers" and their "blameless sport;" delighting, to the last of his days, like their own bright and animated waters,

> "To wind about, and in and out,
> "With here a blossom sailing,
> "And here and there a lusty trout,
> "And here and there a grayling." *

Friends of his still survive, who have shared with him in the enchantment of rural rambles, rod in hand, by the water-side; and many of them may, like the writer of these pages, remember having partaken, at his hospitable board, of magnificent trout, the produce of his piscatory skill;—trout of which "the very shape and the enamelled colour hath been "such as hath joyed me to look on him;" † and of which

* Tennyson, "*The Brook.*"

† "The Complete Angler; by Izaak Walton:" London. J. Major, 1833, p. 129. In that charming edition of "The Contemplative Man's Recreation," the Tail-pieces at p. 341, "View in Dove-dale of a remarkable Cave called "Reynard's Hall, nearly opposite the rocks called the Brothers;" at p. 343, "View from the top of Dove-dale, looking up the stream;" at p. 356, "View "from the Northern Extremity of Dove-dale, looking down the stream;" at p. 361, "View of the Exit from Dove-dale, looking up the stream; the "great stone on the left being the boundary of the Izarn estate;" and a Vignette at p. 362, "View of Haddon Hall in the county of Derby, taken

the flavour was usually heightened by lively details of the "particular meadow" and manner of the capture.

But none of his exploits with the Rod could rival that with the Gun, commemorated in this little volume; of which the history is simply this:—That Chantrey, being, in November 1829, on a visit at Holkham, the seat of Mr. Coke (afterwards created Earl of Leicester), and having joined a shooting-party organized by his distinguished host, had the good-fortune, at the very commencement of the day's sport, to kill Two Woodcocks at One Shot.

The author of some "Memorials" of Chantrey has in that work thought fit to express a suspicion, (without, however, supporting it by any proof,) that the great sculptor's "profi-"ciency with both the rod and the gun has been over-rated." How far such a statement could be well-founded, it might seem unnecessary to enquire, in the face of the fact which forms the subject of these "Winged Words;" and which effectually contradicts one-half at least of Mr. Holland's doubt; while other testimony has been given by very competent witnesses, sufficient to disprove the whole of it. "Chantrey," says his intimate friend and companion Jones, "was an excel-"lent shot; examples of this are numerous; . . . . he

"from between Rowesley and Upper Haddon;" are all engraved, on wood, from original drawings by Chantrey. For engravings, (twenty-nine in number), on a larger scale, of other productions of his elegant and facile pencil, *see* "Rhodes' Peak Scenery, or Excursions in Derbyshire."

"did well all things he undertook, and some things pre-emi-
"nently; . . . . the sports, the pleasures, and the la-
"bours of the field he well understood; . . . . he was
"as indefatigable in his sports as in his profession: and, as a
"fowler or fisher, he evinced a perseverance which ensured
"success."* But love of truth compels us to add, and Chantrey's entire candour prevented his ever attempting to conceal, that when he fired his memorable shot, he saw *not* the two cocks which it brought down, but only the further one of the couple; the other having risen into the line of fire just as he pulled the trigger.

This circumstance, of course, reduces the apparent miracle to something nearer the level of the achievements of ordinary mortals; and we have even heard of at least one instance in which the occurrence, as so modified, is stated to have been paralleled.

"My dear B——," wrote Colonel Sands to a friend on the 4th of November, 1853, "as you are fond of a sporting
"anecdote, I may tell you what occurred to me yesterday, in
"making my first beat of the season, after woodcocks, in
"Haywood. I was walking towards a large clump of hollies,
"with the keeper about twenty yards on my right, when two
"cocks got up together; one flying to the left of the clump,

* "Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A. Recollections of his Life, Practice, and "Opinions; by George Jones, R.A." London, 1849, pp. 175, 176, and 155.

"and the other to the right. I fired at the left bird, and "brought him down, calling out to the keeper to mark the "other; when he replied, 'I saw only one bird, which you "'killed.' This surprised me, as I had picked up my bird "considerably to the left of the clump, and quite out of sight "of the keeper. But while we were discussing the matter, "and trying to account for the extraordinary disappearance "of the second cock, my old bitch 'Belle' was observed at "a dead point, about forty yards beyond the clump of hollies; "and there we found the missing bird under her nose! The "only way in which I can account for the circumstance is, "that the right-hand bird must have crossed the line of sight "just as I fired at the bird on the left; which, by the way, "fell within twenty yards of the gun.

"Yours sincerely, H. C. Sands." *

Still, however, the achievement at Holkham might well remain to the sportsman matter of very excusable self-congratulation, and to his friends a natural theme of epigrammatic remark and compliment; for, although different gunners have usually their respective "extraordinary shots" to remember and recount,—many of them clever and enviable enough,—yet we apprehend that Chantrey's will always remain, though *not*

* Communicated by W. C. Alston, Esq., of Elmdon Hall, Warwickshire.

altogether unique, at least conspicuous for its rarity, and *almost* "alone in its glory."

Of single shots not unworthy to follow,—although at long interval,—behind that of Chantrey, the following are only a few of the instances which have come under our notice;—many of our readers may be able to make additions to the list, from the personal experience of themselves or their friends:—

The late Lieutenant Kirkes, R.N., brought down, at one shot, six snipes out of a wisp of seven. His son, Captain Kirkes, by a still more wonderful chance, killed (in 1856) with one barrel, a grouse on the wing, and two hares sitting; the hares having been "*formed*" together, on a rising ground towards which the grouse was flying when the shot was fired.

As we write, we see it announced that "the other day "there were killed at Keith Hall, by Alexander Strachan, "keeper to the Earl of Kintore, six snipes, all on the wing, "at one shot."*

"The finest shot of the season," says a Correspondent of the "Illustrated London News" for November, 1856, "has "yet to be recorded. We learn from Scotland that a shooter "lately stalked up to four black-cocks, caught them in a line "on the rise, and killed them all. Three fell at once, and the "fourth one hundred yards from his fellows."

* "The Field," 6th December, 1856.

We ourselves, in the days of our early (and then not very great) proficiency with the gun, aiming with youthful haste at a brace of birds as they rose together from some long wheat-stubbles, and bringing them down at one shot just as they got on the wing, discovered, on advancing with the keeper to pick up the game,—("Nescio quâ prætor solitum dulcedine "capti!")—fluttering among the stubble beside the dead partridges, three others, all mortally wounded by the shot, which had thus struck them before they rose. It may be supposed that the capture of those two brace and a half long lived in our memory, as the very quintessence of sporting. But, at a later date, our exultation was reduced within its due bounds, on learning from a worthy friend that on one occasion, by a wild shot at a covey as they turned over a low part of a hedge, there were bagged, to one barrel, *nine birds!*

Dr. Sandwith mentions that in a brilliant day's shooting in an enormous marsh, (of about fifty square miles in extent), on a branch of the Euphrates near Erzeroom, full of an endless variety of water-birds, birds of prey, &c., "too nu-"merous for comfortable shooting,"* he bagged, at one shot, four of those beautiful birds the spoonbills.

* "Blue, night, black, and cream-coloured squacco herons, large and small "bustards, egrets, wild-geese, ducks, and plover, curlews, ibis, bitterns, black "storks, crested, red-necked, and eared grebes, coots and dabchicks, godwits, "tringas, sandpipers, dunlins, reeves, red-shanks, green-shanks, water-rails,

During the frost and snow of December, 1856, a man of the name of Croft is said to have killed on the banks of the river Wyre, near the Shard, Hambleton, no fewer than one hundred and eighteen gray plovers at one shot; and at another shot, on the same day, sixteen ducks; using, however, a sort of large swivel-gun, fixed in a boat, and loaded with ¼ lb. of powder, and 1 lb. of shot.

So much for what may be done by the opportune use of one barrel, on land, by day; and the eight hooper swans, "seven old ones and a brown one," knocked down at one shot "and averaging above 19 lbs. each;"—the thirty-five wild-geese killed at one discharge of a single-barrelled punt-gun;—the five hundred starlings, at that of a double gun of the same species;—the twenty widgeon, ducks, pintail, and plover, bagged at once with "a common shoulder-gun that "carried only 5 oz. of shot;"—the "forty-three knots and "godwits, at one discharge of 3 oz. of No. 4 shot," by a gunner who "during the night had three shots, and brought "home one hundred and nine birds;"—showing what deeds can be done on mud or water at night,—may be seen all duly recorded in "The Book of Instructions to Young Sportsmen

"Austrian pratincoles, terns, eagles, falcons, kites, buzzards, hen-harriers, "silver and Numidian cranes, double snipes and common snipes." How such a bill of fare makes a sportsman's mouth water! Well might the learned and gallant Doctor declare that "the sight was exhilarating in the extreme!" Narrative of the Siege of Kars, by Humphry Sandwith, M.D., 1856, pp. 51. 55.

"in all that relates to Guns and Shooting,"* by the late Colonel Peter Hawker of popular memory.

Somewhat similar instances may have occurred within the observation of many of our readers. But who among modern sportsmen or ornithologists can read, without a thrill of wonder or shudder of regret, the following tale of "'Tis Sixty Years "since," among the Bustards? It is told by the Rev. Richard Lubbock, Vicar of Eccles, in his interesting little work, "Ob-"servations on the Fauna of Norfolk:"—an unpretending contribution to sylvan science, replete with accurate and judicious observation:—

"Some fifty years back,"—(Mr. Lubbock's work was published in 1845),—"a keeper of the name of Turner, in the "employ of the Colquhoun family at Wretham, used to kill "many bustards in the snow, by looking out for their tracks, "and then feeding them for a day or two with cabbages. He "next constructed a battery of three large duck guns, bearing "on the spot where the food lay, and, coming before day-"light, seated himself in a hole dug some hundred and fifty "yards from the guns. By means of a long string to the "triggers, he used to effect a general discharge on the first

* See pp. 274, 271, 269-70, 411, and 243, ed. 1844. Of the fourth of those shots, the Author honestly remarks,—"this, however, is such a shot, with a "*small* gun, as I never heard of before, and perhaps may never hear of "again."

"opportunity, and in this way he once obtained SEVEN "BUSTARDS AT A SHOT."!!!*

A-propos of Bustards and their capture, we may mention for the amusement of our readers, that the famous and facetious General George Hanger, after recommending sportsmen to go out at night in search of snipes and wild-fowl, (*wild-geese* especially, we presume), somewhat in the manner of the Indians, bearing in one hand a lantern with a great reflector behind and a convex lens in front of the flame, and in the other a loaded gun, quietly observes;—"Why may "not this method be tried on Bustards, when you see them "settling for the night, to roost?"

Why not, indeed? We should suppose that to be an excellent time for such a diversion!

With equal ingenuity the General adds;—"In soft places "where springs are, near to woods, where you know "woodcocks feed at night, what reason have you to imagine "that, by means of this bright light, you may not approach "them? The light, to a certainty, will shew them to you; "for, at that time feeding, they will be walking about."†

* "Observations on the Fauna of Norfolk, and more particularly of the District of the Broads." By the Rev. Richard Lubbock. Norwich, 1845, p. 42.

† "General George Hanger to all Sportsmen, Farmers, and Gamekeepers;" London, 1814, pp. 112–115. In the present work it deserves to be noticed that General Hanger's very original and entertaining volume is dedicated

The General's idea of thus approaching woodcocks on their nocturnal promenades is by no means so purely fanciful as at first sight it appears to be; the Indians use the "blaze" with great success in their chase of elk and various species of deer; and in Dr. Lewis' "American Sportsman," (Philadelphia, 1857), an account is given of the very sport recommended by General Hanger, which is there termed the "Fire Hunting "of Cocks," and is said to be practised in Louisiana and Mississippi, frequently with great success, one gun sometimes killing fifty couple in a single night.

But,—to return from these *luminous* ideas of the heroic General,—perhaps the most extraordinary shot on record is that which killed a brace *of birds less than nothing;*—a shot which, however strange it may appear, is nevertheless true. For the lively author of "Maxims and Hints on Shooting and "other Matters," recounts how, after he had been out partridge-shooting with two other persons, at the close of the day one of his friends said he had killed twelve brace, and the other claimed eleven brace; in all, twenty-three brace, or forty-six birds. On counting the birds, their number proved to be but forty-four. "I therefore concluded," very modestly, and, at the same time, very rationally adds Mr. Penn, "that the brace

"To Thomas Coke, Esq., of Holkham, Norfolk;" in acknowledgment of that gentleman's patriotic zeal as a legislator and agriculturist, his liberality as a sportsman, and sumptuous hospitality as a host.

"which was wanting must have been considered as my share "of the day's sport."

Thus might Mr. Penn boast of having exceeded even the exploits of that memorable Triumvirate, who, at Clumber in 1784, laid a bet with another party of three, who should kill most game in a whole day's shooting. Each man of the six was judged to have had, on an average, sixty shots; making a total of three hundred and sixty shots. Out of their half of that number, or one hundred and eighty shots, the three gentlemen who *won* the bet killed, together, *Three Birds*. What must have been "the bag" made by the losers! The names of those who were able to perform so remarkable a piece of sporting, have been handed down, (as they well deserved to be), to the admiration of posterity; they were Lord Lincoln, General Philips, Captain Lascelles, the Rev. —— Lascelles, Mr. Cotton, and Lieutenant-Colonel Strickland.*

One fact in connection with the *chasse* of woodcocks, recorded by the same ingenious and observant gentleman who contrived to bag, (or, at least, to reckon as "*his birds*"), the forty-fifth and forty-sixth birds out of the forty-four, certainly deserves attention:—viz. that "a singular species of delusion "often takes place in the case of a man shooting at a wood-"cock in a thick cover. According to the impression said to "be made upon the shooter's eye, *the bird appears to fall dead*

* Daniel's "Rural Sports," vol. ii., Part II. p. 313.

"*more frequently than he can afterwards be found.*" How far the woodcock can fairly be said to differ in this respect from all other birds or beasts of game, our sporting readers may judge for themselves, from their own experience; but, although the fact in question may have been first publicly announced by Mr. Penn, we think we can venture to vouch for it having been observed by some others before he discovered it!

That we may not, however, run the risk of appearing to trifle on so serious a subject as British Field-sports, we shall express our firm conviction, that any true sportsman would gladly have exchanged his own "pet vanity" in that department for a triumph like that of Chantrey, cleverly achieved in the open light of day, and in the presence, or the immediate vicinity, of an ample array of witnesses, able and willing to vouch for its occurrence. For Buffon was quite correct in saying, that "La Bécasse est peut-être de tous les oiseaux "de passage celui dont les chasseurs font le plus de cas;" although modern sportsmen, accustomed to the use of the fowling-piece rather than of the springe, would doubtless feel disposed to question the justice of his further assertion, that one of the principal reasons of this high estimation is "la "facilité qu'ils trouvent à se saisir de ce bon oiseau stupide." The woodcock's reputation for stupidity, however, is maintained also by Willughby, who says, "Apud nos, ob stolidi-"tatem infamis est hæc avis, adeo ut scolopax pro stolido pro-

" verbialiter accipiatur:"—by Belon, who honours the poor bird with the appellation of " moult sotte bête:"—and by Shaw, who tells us that it is called, in Barbary, " hammar-el-" gadjel," or " the ass-partridge." In French, indeed, the phrase " une Bécasse " has passed into a proverb, meaning " a " silly woman;" * as we should say in English, (without, however, ungallantly limiting the application of the term to *one* of the sexes), " a goose." And in an ancient biographical poem on Robert, Earl of Essex, printed in the Miscellany of the Camden Society, we find these lines;—

" They are but woodcockes that do frown
" At Robbyn's hap soo good." †

The epithet used by Buffon had reference, doubtless, to the mode of capturing woodcocks usually practised before the art of shooting flying had attained that perfection, to which the aids of improved gunpowder, percussion locks, and double-barrelled guns, have now raised it. Pennant, in describing the springes for woodcocks which he saw set on the hills near Windermere, says that they were " laid between " tufts of heath, with avenues of small stones on each side, to " direct *these foolish birds* into the snares." The scene and its

* " Une Bécasse, une femme sans esprit." Dict. de l'Acad. *v.* Bécasse. See also the verses of Beaumarchais, given in De Lomenie, vol. i. p. 93.

" Je voudrais qu'avec tant de grâce
" Elle eût l'esprit de la Bécasse."

† Camden Miscellany, vol. iii. p. 21. See also Shakespeare, " The Taming " of the Shrew," Act I., Scene ii. l. 418.

accompaniments, thus witnessed by Pennant, are forcibly recalled in the description given by the great Poet of the Lakes of his favourite boyish sport:—

. . . . . "Ere I had told
"Ten birth-days, when among the mountain-slopes
"Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had snapp'd
"The last autumnal crocus, 'twas my joy
"With store of springes o'er my shoulder hung,
"To range the open heights where woodcocks run
"Along the smooth green turf. Through half the night,
"Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied
"That anxious visitation;—moon and stars
"Were shining o'er my head. I was alone,
"And seem'd to be a trouble to the peace
"That dwelt among them. Sometimes it befell
"In these night-wanderings, that a strong desire
"O'erpower'd my better reason, and the bird
"Which was the captive of another's toil
"Became my prey; and when the deed was done,
"I heard among the solitary hills
"Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
"Of undistinguishable motion, steps
"Almost as silent as the turf they trode."*

Whatever share accident may have had in the single-double shot, now so famous, it is fortunate that nothing can interfere to deprive the Sculptor of the glory due to that artistic skill which enabled him to represent, in his own imperishable material, the victims to his feat of arms; and the birds, sculptured by him on their monument at Holkham† with

* Wordsworth, "The Prelude," pp. 12, 13, ed. 1851.

† The original model is preserved in the Chantrey Gallery in Oxford. See below, p. xxx.

the utmost beauty, truth, and tenderness, at the moment and in the attitude of their unlooked-for death, tell their tale in language "quæ, quanquam silet, eloquitur."

"Veræ in morte tamen, quales jacuere sub altâ
"Illice, jamque animâ deficiente pares;
"Aspice, languentes deflexo in marmore pennas!
"Aspice, quæ plumis gratia morte manet!"

"Yet true, as dying by yon oak they lay,
"And in sad union sigh'd their souls away;
"See, the carv'd stone their drooping wings sustains!
"See! E'en in death each plumy charm remains!"

The chorus of bards who have sung the fate of the cocks, and their fair restoration by the chisel of their destroyer*, have allowed but little share in the event to accident; and, with the freedom always conceded to poets, have generally attributed to Chantrey all the credit that could have been due to him, had he been in intention, as well as in execution, the most unrivalled and inimitable of sportsmen. The warrant of poetic licence was not required to authorise their regarding him as one of the most graceful of artists.

It is not a little singular, that, notwithstanding the remarkable nature of the incident, and the pains taken by the Sculptor to ensure the accurate preservation of its date, by

* "Così od' io che soleva la lancia
"D' Achille, e del suo padre, esser cagione
"Prima di trista, e poi di buona mancia."
DANTE: *Inferno*, xxxi. 4—6.

carving it on the marble on which the woodcocks are sculptured, it appears, on investigation, that the date so inscribed is *a wrong one*:—the fact being, that the wonderful shot was fired on the 20th of November, 1829, while the marble bears 1830. But that the former is the correct date, seems now to be well ascertained, not only from the following entry in the Holkham Game-book for that year, which was inserted by Archdeacon Glover, himself one of the party, and signed by Mr. Coke; but also from the evidence of Mr. Spencer Stanhope, who is therein named as one of the witnesses, and who, on being lately appealed to by Mr. Collyer, has given his conclusive testimony to the same effect.

EXTRACT FROM THE HOLKHAM GAME-BOOK.

"Game, &c., killed.

1829.	By whom.	Partridges.	Pheasants.	Hares.	Rabbits.	Woodcocks.	Snipes.	Various.
Nov. 20th.	Mr. Chantrey Mr. Glover Mr. Stanhope Mr. Coke Mr. Digby	9	10	79	48	5		
		Total . . 151						

"Quarles New Plantations.

"Amidst the events of this day it is especially worthy of "being recorded, that Mr. Chantrey killed *at One Shot Two* "*Woodcocks;* and, considering this exploit as among the many "illustrious atchievements, if not the most extraordinary, of "that great and extraordinary man, it was unanimously pro- "posed to Mr. Coke, that the spot should be henceforth "handed [down] to Posterity, and the honours of the In- "dividual perpetuated, by the name of Chantrey Hill being "given to it; assured that no Sculptor in Europe had ever "done before so much in the art of shooting, [Mr. Chantrey] "having but the day before killed at one shot a hare and a "rabbit.

"Testified by { Thos. Willm. Coke. / Archdeacon Glover. / J. Spencer Stanhope." *

Mr. Stanhope has also been good enough to furnish us with the following particulars of the occurrence, as it first became known to him, and gave occasion to his lines on "the joyous "Chantrey." † By those who knew the *personnel* of the Sculptor, and in what manner of guise he was wont to be "got up" for a regular day's sport among the bushes, the

* In a duplicate of the above memorandum, which was given to Chantrey, and has been preserved among his MSS., the name of Mr. (or Captain) Digby is added to the list of witnesses.

† See below, No. CLI., p. 93.

"joyous countenance" and the "Peruvian hat" will both be recognised as very graphic features in the scene depicted.* Writing to his friend Mr. Collyer, Mr. Stanhope says;—

"Perhaps you would like to have my recollections of the day. "Chantrey was placed in the gravel-pit that you will remember "just under the Hall. I was standing next to him, but hid "from him by the bank formed by the pit. Knowing how "keen a sportsman he was, I was amazed at seeing him "running up to me without his gun, just at the moment "when the hares were passing us in all directions; but when "I saw him waving his Peruvian hat over his head, and dis-"tinguished his joyous countenance, I knew that all was right. —"'Two cocks at one shot!' burst from him, and an-"nounced to me the feat that he had performed." . . .

This triumph was, as may be imagined, hailed by the assembled sportsmen with wonder and applause: and on its announcement, Mr. Coke, himself an enthusiastic lover of the chase in all its forms, marshalled the whole party,—"guns," keepers, and beaters,—in line; he then made Chantrey pass along the ranks; and, as he passed, each

* In the selection of their sporting costume, great philosophers as well as great artists seem to give full play to their fancy. See the amusing description of the dress—including *a broad-brimmed hat covered with scarlet cloth*—in which Sir Humphry Davy "inglorius" loved the rivers and woods; as given by Dr. Paris, in his "Life of Davy," p. 189, ed. 1831. See also Lockhart's lively delineation of the same illustrious chemist, after a fall into a "flow-moss,"—

individual in succession uncovered, and made a formal obeisance to the Hero of the Day.*

The difficulty of Chantrey's exploit appears to increase, when it is known that he had the use of only one eye; which was the left one. "All of a sudden," says a recent writer, "on some subject connected with blindness being glanced at, "he [Chantrey] turned to me a very agreeable pair of deep-"grey eyes, and said, 'Do you know, Sir, I was born, it is "'supposed, blind of one eye, and it was never discovered till "'I was ten years old? . . Now, can you,' he said, turning "a somewhat handsome countenance upon me," 'tell which "'of my eyes is blind? Do you guess which it is?' I "looked up into his face. There was an expression of thought "and mild good-sense in both eyes. They were both clear, "and free from any apparent disease or weakness. They were "searching, without being staring. I could at first see no "difference; but, after looking earnestly for some time, I "noticed in one a tiny speck, or rather discolourment, on the "pupil;—so slight, that I do not believe any one could have "observed it [without the closest inspection]. 'That,' I "whispered, 'is the—the defective eye.' 'No, Sir, it is not

"his habiliments garnished with mud, slime, and mangled water-cresses,"—in the "Life of Scott," pp. 432-433. ed. 1842.

* This anecdote we received from that admirable ornithologist and excellent man, the late Mr. Yarrell, to whom it was told by our mutual friend THE HERO himself.

"'merely defective; it is blind: but I do not let my sitters "know it.'" *

The gun of Chantrey, which was adapted to his peculiarity of sight, was thus, like the bow of Ulysses, a weapon which no one but its rightful lord was able to use with ease; but in his hands it was all-powerful, and on this occasion certainly caused, although in a different sense from that intended by the old chronicler, a memorable "*fall of woodcocks.*" †

That a day so illustrious in the annals of Holkham was allowed to close without further convivial celebration of the great event of the morning, in accordance with the usual princely hospitalities of that mansion, is not probable:—

. . . . "Τερπνὸν ἐκ κυναγίας
"τράπεζα πλήρης·" . . . . . ‡

"Sweet, after hunting, is the well-fill'd board,"

sang the hunter Hippolytus of Euripides more than two

* "Recollections of Literary Characters and Celebrated Places," by Mrs. Thomson, London, 1854. Vol. ii. pp. 175-6.

† "Terms applied to the different kinds of birds assembled in companies: "A sege of herons, and of bitterns; an herd of swans; of cranes, and of "curlews; a dopping of sheldrakes; a spring of teels; a covert of cootes; "a gaggle of geese; a badelynge of ducks; a sord or sute of mallards; a "muster of peacocks; a nye of pheasants; a bevy of quails; a covey of part-"ridges; a congregation of plovers; a flight of doves; a dule of turtles; a "walk of snipes; *a fall of woodcocks;* a brood of hens; a building of rooks; "a murmuration of starlings; an exaltation of larks; a flight of swallows; "a host of sparrows; a watch of nightingales; and a charm of goldfinches." Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," p. 33, ed. 1810.

‡ Eur. Hippol. l. 109.

thousand years ago; and the hearts and voices of sportsmen have ever since re-echoed his sentiment. But as to the libations which Mr. Coke and his guests, on the particular occasion of which we have spoken, may have offered to Apollo the Archer, to his sister Goddess of the Silver Bow, to the Fauns, the Dryads, the Oreads, or Bacchus, our authorities are silent, and some of the party might possibly have been oblivious:—while on such subjects, it behoves us to remember,—

> "Est et fideli tuta silentio
> "Merces. Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum
> "Vulgârit arcanæ, sub iisdem
> "Sit trabibus, ... mecum!" *

Besides Chantrey's beautiful sculpture of the woodcocks now preserved at Holkham, and of which the original cast, or model, † is placed in the Chantrey Gallery at Oxford, open

* Hor. Carm. III. ii. 25–28.

† Sometimes, though inaccurately, termed the model in clay. "That which "is kept," (says Sir Henry Russell, in the Appendix to Mr. Jones' 'Recollec- "'tions of Chantrey'), "and which is called the model, is, in truth, only the "first cast in plaster: . . . the clay is covered with a thick coating of "plaster, and, as soon as the plaster has got dry and firm, the clay is picked "out piecemeal. The cavity left in the plaster has then in its turn become a "mould, and is filled with other plaster which forms what becomes at last "the model to be preserved. From that model the copy in marble is exe- "cuted, not by the sculptor himself, but by his workmen, who, in the use of "their chisel, are guided by an instrument applied to the surface of the stone, "their office being exclusively one of mechanical rule and measure. In the "construction of this instrument, Sir Francis told me he had himself made "considerable improvements." "You will smile," says Chantrey in a letter to James Watt in 1818, "when I tell you that I have very much improved

to the inspection of all, another scarcely less interesting memorial of the birds exists in a painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, executed by him for his brother-artist and sportsman Sir Francis.* In this fine work of our greatest painter of animals, the woodcocks are introduced rather as accessaries than as the principal subject; the chief place on the canvass being occupied by a portrait of "*Mustard,*" a terrier of the true Dandie Dinmont breed, presented to Chantrey by Sir Walter Scott.† Mustard is reposing, with out-stretched paws, and head "*en garde,*" facing the spectator, on a table covered with a crimson cloth, watching intently the movements of a cat, whose head and fore-paw are seen slyly stealing from under the table-cover, her eye glaring on the

"upon the bungling instrument which we have been in the habit of using, "and which you have seen: though I have not diminished the labour, the "accuracy is much greater." ("Mechanical Inventions of James Watt," vol. ii. p. 374, ed. 1854.)

* So Gresset has sung of the apotheosis of Ver-Vert:—

"Pour le garder à la race future,
"Son portrait fut tiré d'après nature.
. . . . . .
"On lui rendit tous les honneurs funebres
"Que l'Helicon rend aux oiseaux célebres."

† "A great lover of dogs," says Mr. Jones, "he always had some; but two "were most prized by him—the one a fine pointer called Hector, liver-"coloured and white, and, in addition to perfect sagacity in sporting, the most "gentle and affectionate servant that ever master had. The other was a "terrier of the Dandie Dinmont breed, presented to him by Sir Walter Scott. "This animal, called Mustard, was of the roughest wiry kind when he came "into Chantrey's possession; but each succeeding year smoothed his coat and "increased his bulk, and he became a striking example of the effects of luxury

couple of woodcocks, which are laid side by side, with their heads hanging down, on a lower shelf of the table. On the table, near Mustard, lie Chantrey's modelling-tools and snuff-box; and in the back-ground stands his bust of Sir Walter.

This picture, of which the design, the grouping, and the rich, yet mellow and life-like colouring, are equally admirable, is now in the possession of Lady Chantrey, and has never been engraved. Size, 3 feet 6 inches in height, by 3 feet 9 inches in width.

By those who sympathise with the combined pursuits of art, literature, and sport, no further apology than is contained in the preceding pages may be required for the little volume now laid before the public. Mindful of the maxim, that "Life is short, but Art is long,"* such critics will not be apt to object to the life, or death, of the lower animals being made a subject of either painting, sculpture, or poetry; nor cynically to remark,—

> "I 've seen much finer woodcocks, ripe and real,
> "Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal!"

But, if a pointed precedent of classical authority were sought for themes of this sort being admitted into verse, it

"and repletion; yet his obesity and indolence did not diminish his devotion "to his master and Lady Chantrey, but entitled him to the indulgence he "received, and made him an object of favour to all his master's friends." "Recollections of Chantrey," London, 1849, pp. 157-8.

* Hippocr. Aph. I.

might be found in the famous statue, by Myron, of the apparently less dignified subject of a cow and her calf; on which no fewer than thirty-six epigrams, preserved in the Greek Anthology, were written.* "Myron was the fellow-labourer "of Polyclitus in the work-room of Ageladas, and the most "skilful artist in the management of bronze;" . . "Great "in his gods and men, and even in such trifles as cups and "pateræ, Myron was equally great in his representation of "animal nature; and his lowing cow with the sucking calf "has been immortalised by a great number of witty epigrams, "which commend the illusive truth of the representation with "all sorts of ingenious turns. Even in Cicero's time this cow "stood in the great square at Athens. It was afterwards "brought to Rome; where, in the days of Procopius, it might "be seen in the Temple of Peace."† "Here," said Goethe, speaking of the same statue, "we have a subject of the highest "sort;—the nourishing principle which upholds the world, "and pervades all Nature, is here brought before our eyes "by a beautiful symbol. This, and similar images, I call the "true symbols of the Omnipresence of God."‡

Such elegies, too, as in ancient times those of Ovid, on

* Antholog. Græc., tom. ii. pp. 245-250; and 261-2. Ed. Lips. 1829.

† Hellas, or the Home, History, Literature, and Art of the Greeks. By Friedrich Jacobs. Translated by Oxenford, pp. 302-3.

‡ Conversations of Goethe, with Eckermann, and Soret. Translated by Oxenford, vol. ii. p. 398. 1850.

Corinna's parrot, "Psittacus, Eois imitatrix ales ab Indis," and of Catullus on Lesbia's sparrow, "Passer, deliciæ meæ "puellæ," and "Lugete, O Veneres, Cupidinesque;" or, in modern times, those of Andrew Marvell on the death of his milk-white fawn; of Gray, on a favourite cat drowned in a vase of gold fishes; of Gresset, on the parrot Ver-Vert; of Rogers, "Epitaph on a Robin Redbreast;" or of the late Lord Grenville on his dog Tippoo; may still further be held to justify the elevation of the Woodcocks to the pedestal on which Chantrey and his poets have placed them: even if, by the unsportive or the profane, those poor "much-bemused" birds be deemed no better than what Sir Thomas Browne has quaintly styled "wingy mysteries, and airy subtleties."*

It only remains for the Editor to acknowledge with gratitude the aid he has received from very many quarters. In particular, his thanks are due to the Earl of Leicester, and to the Rev. Robert Collyer, Rector of Warham, Norfolk, for their unreserved communication of all the epigrams on the subject hitherto preserved at Holkham, (twenty-seven in number), as well as of every other detail which seemed likely to prove interesting:—to Lord Brougham,† at whose sugges-

* 'Religio Medici," p. 21. ed. 1845.

† The circumstance of Lord Brougham having suggested Chantrey's Woodcocks as a theme for the classic pen of Lord Wellesley, and of his having also transmitted to Holkham one at least of the two epigrams composed on the same subject by Bishop Maltby, led to a common belief that on the

tion Lord Wellesley wrote his very elegant verses, and who has further enhanced the value of the present collection by contributing to it those of the Right Rev. Bishop Maltby, the late Sir John Williams, and the late Lord Tenterden:—to Lady Chantrey, who in the kindest manner placed in the Editor's hands, for examination and selection, the MSS. collected by her late illustrious husband on this, his favorite subject:—to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Oxford; the late Baron Alderson; the late Lord Jeffrey; the Rev. Dr. Moberly, Head-Master of Winchester School; the Rev. Dr. Scott, Master of Balliol College, Oxford; Hudson Gurney, Esq.; Serjeant Wrangham; Peter Cunningham, Esq.; and the Rev. John Mitchell Chapman, Rector of Tendring, Essex, for the epigrams, whether original or derived, which they have transmitted:—and to Miss Wall, whose drawing of the marble monument at Holkham, beautifully etched by Mr. Redaway, forms the Frontispiece of the volume.

Mr. Redaway's etchings have so happily illustrated the subjects proposed to him, that it may be remarked of them as honest Izaak Walton has done of the engravings of "the

same occasion Lord B. had committed what Byron calls "flirtation with the "Muse." This erroneous accusation, however, we are now enabled, on the very best authority, to refute:—"that," says his Lordship, in a letter to us, "being out of my line altogether." It must be regretted that his Lordship should have left untouched any species of writing, which he would so surely have adorned.

"Trout, and other fishes," in his Complete Angler:—"Next "let me add this, that he that likes not the book should like "the excellent pictures . . which I may take a liberty to "commend, because they concern not myself."

For the appearance in this place of the Brace of Pheasants which form a Tail-piece to our Introduction, and which are engraved from a drawing by Chantrey, we have to thank the obliging courtesy of his accomplished friend Mr. Penn, whose own contributions to the literature of sport are so favourably known to the world, and have been more than once referred to in these pages. The name of the Artist, the beauty of his design, and the kindred nature of the subject, may probably be thought to warrant the admission of those pheasants into *the same Cover* as the Woodcocks, without their being accused of trespass.

And so the Editor takes leave of his gentle reader:—requesting him, in the words of Geoffrey Crayon, "if he should "find here and there something to please him, to rest assured "that it was written expressly for intelligent readers like "himself; but entreating him, should he find anything to "dislike, to tolerate it, as one of those articles which were "obliged to be written for readers of a less refined taste."*

J. P. M.

* "The Sketch-Book," by Washington Irving, vol. ii. p. 342.

TAIL-PIECE.

DRAWN BY THE LATE SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY, R.A.

L'ENVOI.

L'ENVOI.

"Go, little book!" and of the Sculptor tell
In mingl'd strains of sportsmanship and fancy,
How the two woodcocks, by his dart that fell,
Were rais'd immortal by his necromancy.

Go, and if taught to bend thy timid bow
By Graces in whose fane he worshipp'd ever,
And if the woodland Muse, and Love, bestow
Some arrows keen to arm thy sportive quiver;—

If Pan, and jocund Mercury, attend
Thine archer-aim, and dip its shafts in pleasure,
And radiant Artemis her favour lend
To the wild woodcraft that enchants thy leisure;—

Yet, as thy weapons hurtle in the grove,
Their playful flight with harmless error winging,
In distant symphony be heard above,
Some higher notes melodiously ringing,

Soft music wandering from purer spheres,
In waves of mystic sweetness earthward swelling,
Attuning to sublimer themes our ears,
Of Life Restor'd, and Deathless Union telling;—

So may'st thou hope to wake a sun-bright smile,
An echoing gladness from the breeze to borrow,
Some hour of pensive longing to beguile,
Smooth a sad brow, and grant brief truce to sorrow;

So may to thee,—(O unexpressive prize!)—
The grace, the glory, and the joy be given,
To teach some thoughtful heart, some gentle eyes,
*In Sports of Earth the Meanings Deep of Heaven!**

J. P. M.

* "Hoher Sinn liegt oft in kind'schem Spiel."

"Meaning deep lies oft in childish play."
Thekla, eine Geisterstimme: SCHILLER.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

Reader! these woodcocks, once "a happy couple,"
Of plumage rich, bills long, and pinions supple,
Forsaking wild Norwegian swamps, that bred them,
For milder vales, and springs that better fed them,
At Holkham liv'd in chaste connubial rapture,
Billing,—and boring,—but escaping capture.
In quiet and confidence their souls possessing,
Earth daily gave them bread, and Heaven a blessing;
The blasts of autumn beat upon them lightly,
Their days were halcyon, and their nights were sprightly.
A life serene and sunny while it lasted,
Till death's dark shadow the fair prospect blasted.

Long will the Dryads of those groves remember
That fatal morning, in a drear November,
Which saw great Chantrey, sport with sculpture blending,
His hostile way to Holkham's covers wending;

While, as in arms the sylvan host assembl'd,
The conscious woodcocks knew their doom, and trembl'd.

Lo! in the dingle, deep in fern and brambles,
The rustic company of beaters rambles;
Up through the glade their serried phalanx rushes,
Now bend the saplings, and now crash the bushes;
Through brake and briar the eager spaniels follow,—
Sudden they quest,—"Mark! Cocks!" the keepers holloa;—
One deadly shot athwart the thicket glances,
And *both* cocks fall before thy gun, Sir Francis!

Well might'st thou carve, elate with joy and glory,
Those two fair birds, to celebrate the story;
Both in thy chisell'd stone, so proudly boasted,
And—(quite as happily)—when they were roasted.
The cocks, performing thus a double duty,
Feasting the lips with trail, the eyes with beauty,
Were, as in Collect orthodox suggested,
First "*mark'd*," and then "*well inwardly digested.*"

Behold then, Reader! you fair couple lying
Moulded in marble, glorious and undying;
Their life's gay flights, and death's sad flutt'rings over,
Peaceful they rest, on Leaves in this Green Cover,

Where many a bard, in sympathising verses,
Their loving life and wondrous death rehearses,
Harum duarum avium In Memoriam,
Et in magnam Francisci Chantrey gloriam!

J. P. M.

. . . . . " ὀϊστεύσας ἔβαλεν, τόξων εὖ εἰδὼς.
. . . . . " τῷ μὲν κλέος, ἄμμι δὲ πένθος."

" An archer slew, well skill'd to wield the bow,
" To him a glorious triumph; to us, woe!"

Hom. Il. Δ, 196 7.

. . . . . " With solemn rites between
" Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
" And in their deaths had not divided been."

Campbell: *Gertrude of Wyoming*,
Part II., Stanza xxxiii.

" To this urn let those repair
" That are either true or fair;
" For these dead birds sigh a prayer."

Shakespeare: *Threnos.*

" Καί σφεας φωνήσας Ἔπεα Πτερόεντα προσηύδα."

" And thus to them his Winged Words address'd."

Hom. Il. Δ, 337.

WINGED WORDS, &c.

I.

Praxiteles sumptâ pharetrâ, telisque Dianæ,
Venatorque novus per nemus arma movet:
Acris at illa acies ubi primum intenderet arcum,
En! trajecit aves una sagitta duas!
"Parce meis, ne sint vacuæ" Latonia "sylvis"
Increpat, "et propriâ siste sub arte manum:"
Ille, Deæ monitu atque animosior arte resumptâ,
"Diva" ait "hæc culpæ sit tibi pœna meæ,
"Ponam inter medios, sacrata umbracula, saltus
"Signa quibus veræ restituentur aves:
"Veræ in morte tamen, quales jacuere sub altâ
"Ilice, jamque animâ deficiente pares;
"Aspice languentes deflexo in marmore pennas!
"Aspice! quæ plumis gratia morte manet!
"Has Tu Diva tuas ne dedignare sub aras
"Accipere, hæc pœnæ stent monumenta meæ.

" Sic Tibi lætifico resonet clamore Cithæron,
" Taÿgeta et variis sint Tibi plena feris;
" Sic Tua delubris auro servetur Imago,
" Cui vitam, atque animos, et decus Ipse dabo."

Marquis Wellesley.

II.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Praxiteles with Dian's quiver stood,
An archer-novice, aiming in the wood:
First of the eager band his bow he drew,
But with one arrow, lo! two woodcocks slew!
The Goddess chides:—"Thy murd'rous hand restrain,
"O spare my groves;—thy chisel wield again!"
Proud of her words, and of his own lov'd art,
"Let this," he cries, "atone my guilty dart;—
"Sculptur'd by me, the birds with life-like grace
"Shall breathe, restor'd to this fair woodland place;
"Yet true, as dying by you oak they lay,
"And in sad union sigh'd their souls away;
"See the carv'd stone their drooping wings sustains!
"See, e'en in death each plumy charm remains!
"These, Goddess! take, accepted at thy shrine,
"And of my fault this monument be Thine.

" So may for Thee Cithæron glad resound;
" For Thee, Taÿgetus with game abound;
" So may Thy form stand ever, gold-enshrin'd,
" By Me inspir'd with beauty, life, and mind!"

J. P. M.

III.

THE SINGLE AND THE DOUBLE BARREL.

A BALLAD.

Unto Holkham's mansion proud
Chantrey erst resorting,
Heard some gallants bragging loud
Of their feats in sporting.

Triumphs they o'er countless game
Sang in fables pleasant:—
How the lightning of their aim
Thunder-smote the pheasant;—

How they bagg'd a thousand head
Missing ne'er a partridge;—
Or brought down the red-deer dead,
At a mile, with cartridge!

Each one with his neighbour vied
In some wondrous story,
Each exploit was magnified
Through a mist of glory!

Chantrey vow'd that he would shun
Both romance and trouble,
And would beat, with single gun,
All the rest with double!

Books were open'd, bets were made,
In that sportive quarrel;
Ten to one were freely laid
'Gainst the single barrel.

Then he flush'd two woodcocks fair
In a lonely cover,
At a single shot he there
Gaily knock'd them over;

And the couple, kill'd so well,
Rich in varied feather,
Peaceful as in death they fell,
Sculptur'd he together:

Soft as down he carv'd their wings,
Mild as May their faces;
Lovely, loving, languid things,
Fast in Death's embraces!

Well doth thus this marble shew
How his skill hath done it;
Praise be unto him who so
Made the bet, and won it!

Now God save our noble Queen,
And all jolly good cocks;
And may all their foes be seen
Falling like those woodcocks!

J. P. M.

IV.

"Τύμμα τύμματι τῖσαι."

ÆSCH. *Agam.* 1430.

Πύρπνοον εἶλε βέλος, τομὸς ἐψύχωσε σίδηρος·
Οὐχ ὁ τυχών, ὁ τυχών· οὐδ' ἀτυχὴς ὁ τυπείς.
Εἷς θάνατος δισσοῖσι, καὶ εἷς βίος ἐκ θανάτοιο,
Κἠξ ἑνός, εὐπαλάμῳ χειρὶ πριζόμενος.
Εὕδουσ', ἀλλ' ὕπνον μίλ' ἐγέρσιμον· ὦ παροδῖτα,
Εὐφήμει· ῥιπὰς ἐξεγερεῖς πτερύγων.

Rev. Robert Seale

V.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

"*To avenge blow by blow.*"

Swift fire destroy'd, sharp steel restor'd their lives:—
Rare shot! Nor hapless who, thus slain, revives!
One death to both,—one life from death again,
By one skill'd hand bestow'd upon the slain.
They slumber,—but how lightly!—Passer-by,
Be still, lest thou awake them, and they fly!

J. P. M.

VI.

Εἰκόνε τώδ' ἔστησεν, ἑνὸς λίθου ἐκπεφοῶτε,
Αὐτος ἑνὸς τέκτων ἐκ βέλεος δαμάσας.
Ἄρτεμι, σοὶ δ' ἀνέθηκε, φαγὼν τῶρνιθε μὲν αὐτὸς
Ὦ βάλεν, ὀπτήσας· σοὶ δ' ἀποδοὺς λιθίνω.
Ἀλλ' ἵληθι, θεά· μάλα γὰρ φέρει ἄξι' ἄποινα,
Ὦ φάγεν ὥ τ' ἔβαλεν θεὶς πάλιν ἀθανάτω.

J. Riddell.

VII.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

He carv'd these two, both springing from one stone:—
Sportsman and artist, and his shot, were one.
First having kill'd, he cook'd and ate the pair,
Then raised to Artemis this sculpture fair.
Be gracious, Goddess! since he doth restore
Immortal, what he kill'd and ate before!

J. P. M.

VIII.

From kindred cocks, when robb'd of life,
How wide the fate we boast!
Their chisel is the carving knife,
Their bed a bed of toast:—
Whilst Chantrey's hand, by which we fell,
The loss of life supplies;
And bids us thus, our tale to tell,
From marble bed to rise.

Sir Hussey Vivian.

IX.

Ψῦχος ἀλυξαμένω Σκυθίας δυσχειμέρου, ἄμφω
Τοξευτῆρος ἁπλῇ χεὶρ ἐφόνευσε βολῇ·
Νῦν θανάτου τίσιν ἀνθεμίνη, θήρης τε τρόπαιον,
Στῆσεν ἀειζώους εἴδεϊ λαμπροτέρῳ.

M. P. W. Boulton.

X.

THE SAME, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

We two, escap'd from dreary Scythia's snow,
Died by one arrow from an archer's bow:—
He, now remorseful, here in deathless grace
Restores our forms, bright trophy of his chase.

J. P. M.

XI.

Chantrey kill'd these woodcocks flying
At a single shot;
They, as life departed, sighing
"Now we go to pot!"

But, his chisel swift applying,
He upon the spot
Carv'd them both where they were lying,
And said, "You shall not!"

Thus, his twofold weapons plying,
Endless fame he got,
And the cocks, in life undying,
Share the angels' lot;—

Better fate, there's no denying,
Than on earth to rot;
Though, perchance, my versifying
Aid it ne'er a jot!

J. T. M.

XII.

Rais'd to the sylvan Genius of the place,
Stands this fair marble, blest by every Grace:
Where feather'd forms, warm-breathing, softly tell
How by one fate two hapless lovers fell.

Sleep, gentle spirits! and of each fond breast,
Of guile unconscious, peaceful be the rest;
While here mankind the twofold triumph view
Of noblest Art, to simplest Nature true.

J. P. M.

XIII.

Life in Death, a mystic lot,
Dealt thou to the winged band:—
Death,—from Thine unerring shot,
Life,—from Thine undying hand.

Right Rev. the Bishop of Oxford.

XIV.

Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death
They undivided shall for ever be:
Since both, by thee at once bereav'd of breath,
To life, O Sculptor! are restor'd by thee!

J. P. M.

XV.

Chantreii manus hasce vulnere uno
Binas stravit aves. Eisdem is uno—
(Tantum utrimque valebat ille dextrâ !)—
Vitam restituit creantis ictu
Scalpri: postmodò nec mori verentur.

Archdeacon Wrangham.

XVI.

THE SAME, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

The hand of Chantrey by a single blow
At once laid these united woodcocks low.
But the same hand,—(its double skill so great),—
By single blow their life did re-create,
No more henceforth to dread the stroke of fate.

J. P. M.

XVII.

Their good, and ill, from the same source they drew;—
Here shrin'd in marble by the hand that slew!

Lord Jeffrey.

XVIII.

For their reft lives the slaught'rer to atone
Here gives an immortality in stone!

Lord Jeffrey.

XIX.

The same skill'd hand that took their lives on high,
Here, on this marble, bids them never die!

Lord Jeffrey.

XX.

He hit the birds: and, with an aim as true,
And hand as skilful, hit their likeness too!

J. J. M.

XXI.

The woodcocks' fate let choral woodlarks warble;
Though dead, they live in never-dying marble.
Honor'd in death, by Chantrey's art, they stand
Amidst the great, the lovely of the land.

J. S. Duncan.

XXII.

The life the sportsman-artist took,
The artist-sportsman could restore;
As true and warm in every look,
And far more lasting than before!

Lord Jeffrey.

XXIII.

In life, One slew us. Now, with nobler flight,
And clad by Him in panoply of light,
We rise, transfigur'd, to our kindred skies,
Two stainless, deathless, Birds of Paradise!

J. P. M.

XXIV.

Sculptor, who slew these two in one!
Sportsman, who sculptur'd them in stone!
Unique shall be thy double feat
Which thus "made unity so sweet!"*

J. P. M.

* Tennyson: "The Two Voices."

XXV.

CHANTREY'S BATTUE.

Winter's morn is redly breaking,
  While through Holkham's russet woods
Ring loud echoes, rudely waking
  All their slumb'ring solitudes.

Musically onward crashing
  Nearer swells the mingl'd sound;—
Timid hares, from thickets dashing,
  Meteor pheasants, gleam around.

See! the smoke is faintly wreathing,
  And the flash electric flies,
Light far-darting, death quick-breathing,
  Where two noble woodcocks rise;

Swift the singly-pealing thunder
Blasts the wildly-winging game,
And at once,—O joy and wonder!—
Fall both cocks to Chantrey's aim!

Not with sportsman's rapture only
Marks his watchful eye the pair
Dying in that copsewood lonely,—
(Ah, how doloroously fair!)—

For, with godlike triumph burning,
Now his thoughts artistic glow,
And his chisel glitters, turning
Birds to seraphs here below,

That to future times the story
May yon breathing marble tell
How on Holkham's field of glory
Those united woodcocks fell;—

How the twain, whom love and duty
Bound unto each other's side,
In their sweet spring-time of beauty
Undivided there had died;

Death with equal hand composing
Both quick spirits to their rest,
And the grave's dark portal closing
On their union with the blest!

In the old heroic fashion
Resting on their stony tomb,
They shall move to mild compassion
Gentle hearts that learn their doom;

And, since thus all men may know it,
Therefore need the words be few
Which a friend,—though not a poet,—
Chantrey! sends, for love of you!

J. P. M.

XXVI.

Πῦρ κλέψας, τὸν πηλὸν ἐνεψύχωσε Προμηθεύς,
Λάϊνον ἤστραπτεν Γοργόνος ὄμμα μόρον·
Οὗτος δ' οὐλόμενος νικᾷ πυρόεντι βελέμνῳ,
Κἂν λίθῳ ἐμψυχῶν ζωγρεῖ ἀπολλυμένους.

M. P. W. Boulton.

XXVII.

THE SAME, TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Thy fire, Prometheus! warm'd to life the clay,—
A stony death thine eye, Medusa! shed;—
But Chantrey's fiery bolts unerring slay,
His breathing stone re-animates the dead.

M. P. W. Boulton.

XXVIII.

"Lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit."

Augustus, that mightiest mortar-compounder,
Left Rome made of marble, of brick having found her:
So the sculptor may say, of our life who bereft us,
That feathers he found us, but marble he left us!

A. L. M.

XXIX.

His bow but once when skilful Chantrey drew,
The two fair woodcocks which his arrow slew
Rewarded well his singleness of aim,
And thoughts unconscious of such double game!

A. L. M.

XXX.

The snowy hills of Norway bred us,
The silver springs of Holkham fed us;
A sculptor, as we wing'd our way,
Held out his gun and made us clay;
But, sorrowing for us as we fell,
To marble turn'd us by a spell.
Princes and peers flock'd in a bevy,
And said, "How glorious, done in gravy!"
Geologists look'd marvelling on,
But, feeling, cried, "By Heaven, a stone!"
While Buckland, that supreme dissector
Of things in flint, said, "Lads, a lecture!"

Allan Cunningham.

XXXI.

Chantrey, thy hand, twice-skill'd, destroys to save,
Dealing swift doom, to rescue from the grave!
We gaze, and wonder; envying their lot
That only pair whom fate divideth not;
Till Faith low whispers:—"Souls that seek the sky,
"Like mated birds, in death but seem to die;
"But, when frail links of time dissever'd be,
"Unite in firmer bonds, eternally!"

Rev. H. Shute.

XXXII.

His fortunate skill must be great, we will own,
Who can kill and preserve his two birds with one stone.

P. b. Duncan.

XXXIII.

"Two birds with one stone:"—but the proverb has wit
If one stone revives both the birds it has hit!

J. Jekyll.

XXXIV.

Χαντρὲ, βαλὼν, γλύψας, δὶς δισσὸν θαῦμ' ἐποίησας·
Δίπτυχοι ἐν θανάτοις, δίπτυχοί ἐσμεν ἀεί.

XXXV.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

With gun, or chisel, thou art doubly clever:
Chantrey! Thy twins in death, are twins for ever.

XXXVI.

Οἵηπερ Νιόβης μοίρη τοιήδε καὶ ἡμῖν
Ἔστιν οϊζυροῖς καὶ μακάρεσσιν ὁμοῦ·
Ἡμεῖς γὰρ θάνομεν Χαντροῖο βέλεσσι δαμέντες,
Κἂν λίθῳ ἀθανάτους αὐτὸς ἔθηκε πάλιν.

C. C. Felton.

XXXVII.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Happy at once and miserable, we
Seem to partake the fate of Niobe;
For, perishing by Chantrey's dart, we die,
And in his marble live immortally.

J. T. M.

XXXVIII.

Each bullet, they say, has its own proper billet,
And sharp must a shot at a cock be, to kill it;
But here is a trigger, when neat fingers pull it,
That brings down two bills and two cocks with one bullet!

J. P. M.

XXXIX.

Ask why such honour Chantrey doth await,
Surpassing others with a twofold fame?
In arts or arms it ever is the fate
Of those who double others in their aim.

XL.

At Holkham, for sport, on a day that was set,
Tom Coke and some merry companions were met;
And Chantrey, to try his fine aim, all in fun
Discarded the chisel, and shoulder'd the gun.

But soon as a chance in the cover he got,
Two woodcocks he kill'd at the very first shot;—
The birds on this monument prettily tell
How calmly they died, lying just as they fell.

He shot them, and ate them, and sculptur'd them too;
I wish, my dear Chantrey, that I had been you!
In art, sport, or feasting, let Chantrey alone
For cleverly killing two birds with one stone!

J. P. M.

XLI.

Ἄρτεμι, σοὶ τάδ' ἀγάλματ' ὁ τοξευτὴρ ἀνέθηκεν,
Ὃς βιότους δισσοὺς τούσδ' ἐφόνευσε μόνος·
Δεῦρ' ἴθι, θαυμαστῷ θ' εὑρήσεις τῷδ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ
Ἔμψυχόν τε λίθον καὶ πτερόεντα βίον.

J. P. M.

XLII.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

To thee, O Artemis! the archer gave
This sculptur'd image of the birds he slew:—
Behold a miracle! for o'er their grave
Their marble wings fly, as in life they flew!

J. P. M.

XLIII.

Long may this spotless marble tell,
When Chantrey fir'd, two woodcocks fell;
They met their doom together;
But now, by his transcendent art,
Into new life he bids them start,
And makes them live for ever!

Hon. Frederica Anson.

XLIV.

Death's fatal shaft, with lurid lightning's glow,
And swift-compelling, laid these victims low:
Sad Love, beneficent, forbade to die,
And imag'd here their immortality;
Then told in poesy, with tuneful breath,
Of Love's revenge on the dark deed of Death.

K.

XLV.

"En! Feliciter audet."

One shot of Chantrey shew'd his power,
By which he kill'd the twain;
He prov'd it in a happier hour,
And gave them life again.

XLVI.

Us at once a sportsman clever
Slew, yet made to live for ever:—
Death we met, from death when flying;—
Endless life we gain'd by dying!

T. L. H.

XLVII.

In Arctic zones the gliding streams
A glacial rock congeal'd remain,
Till, rous'd by Phœbus' fiery beams,
They wake to sparkling life again :—

But we, by Chantrey's fire laid low,
Frozen in death insensate lie,
And, chang'd to sculptur'd marble's snow,
Slumber in immortality.

K.

XLVIII.

Quâ morimur dextrâ in lucem revocamur eâdem;
Quæ vitam abstraxit, vivere deinde dedit.
Ah! felix utrinque manus,—quæ nempe perire
Nos jubet hac, illae posse perire vetat!

Archdeacon Wrangham.

XLIX.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

By the same hand we fall, and we revive;
He, who destroy'd us, bade us thenceforth live.
Twice happy hand! which, while it bids us die,
Bids us in marble live immortally.

Archdeacon Wrangham.

L.

Μιᾶς ποθ' ἡμᾶς διπτύχῳ πληγῇ βολῆς
Χαντρεῖος ὤλεσ'· ὕστερον δ' ἐποικτίσας
Ἀθάνατον ὧδ' ἐχειροτέχνησεν βίον.

Rev. R. Collyer.

LI.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

By two-fold blow, though single shot,
We were by Chaǐntrey slain;
Whose seulpture, pitying our lot,
Here made us live again.

J. I. M.

LII.

Let passing sportsman hail the favour'd spot
Where fell two woodcocks at a single shot;—
Fell by a hand for different deeds more known,
Imparting grace and breath to shapeless stone.
Once more he bids them die, and once again
Start into life, demanding to be slain.
Master of either art, this vase to fame
Chantrey! shall give thy chisel and thine aim!

Sir Robert Adair.

LIII.

One shot fir'd Chantrey, through the greenwood straying,
At once yon couple of fair woodcocks slaying,—
Poor unsuspecting victims to their feelings,
Too rudely wounded by such double dealings!

L. E. M.

LIV.

Uno eodemque ictu nos aueeps stravit; at idem
Æternas mirâ reddidit arte faber.
Ergo non iterum cœli super ardua raptæ
Fallemus variâ tela neeemque viâ.
Quid refert? Vivæ volitamus in ore virorum,
Scandit et ætherias gloria nostra plagas.

Rev. W. G. Cookesley.

LV.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

At once a fowler shot us both; and then
His skill as seulptor made us live again.
We never more, swift dashing through the sky,
From darts and death in various course shall fly.
What matter? For our fame preserves our lives,
And in yon realms ætherial still survives!

T. F. M.

LVI.

Uno conatu felix, unâque sagittâ,
Chantreii binas dextra cecidit aves;
"Arte meâ cecidistis," ait; "potiora repono,—
"Arte meâ æternùm vivite marmoreæ."

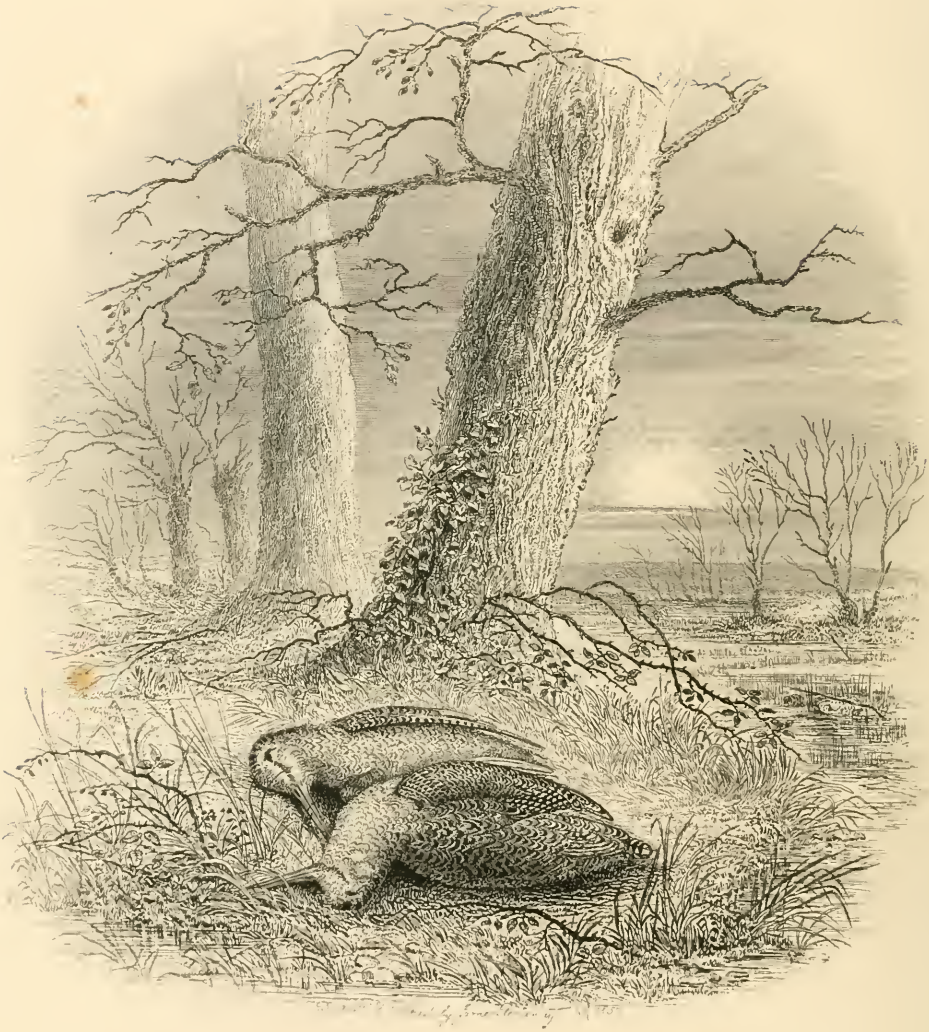
Archdeacon Wrangham.

LVII.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Successful by a single aim and dart,
Chantrey's right hand these double woodcocks slew;
Yet, bright reward!—the victims to his art
His art in marble makes to live anew!

J. P. M.



LVIII.

Once, Stranger! these twin monumental birds
With thee and their own kind the common lot
Of all that live, contentedly did share.
Of form for feats of airy swiftness fram'd,
And wings for migratory voyage apt,
Their plumage dusk as by nocturnal shades
Embrown'd, yet dappl'd like the wild-deer's fawn,
Brindl'd and barr'd with sudden rufous gleam;
But all untinctur'd with Pavonian dyes,
Or such as Asian pheasants mirror back
From opal morning and the sapphire noon,
Or purple blaze of amethystine eve;
Somnambulant, they roam'd the hills at dark,
With wakeful eye reposing in the day:
The deepest thickets their congenial home,
Their roof the varnish'd holly, and their couch
The green frond-coronets of shelter'd ferns;
Where Love was sole companion of their rest,
And all the thoughts that pillow'd them were joy.

But two dread hunters, Chantrey and fierce Death,—
Unmeet allies, and leagu'd for baleful end,—
Too surely guided by the springing hound
Prowling with kindred purpose to destroy,
Together chas'd them in unsever'd flight,
And, hurling but one jav'lin, those whom Love
Indissolubly link'd, brought to the tomb.

Death's work was done: and, grim, he fled away,
Grinning with loathly gladness as he ran,
Fresh quarry to strike down; regarding not,
Wolf-like, the bleeding victims he had torn.

But Chantrey linger'd; for him wonder smote
At his own deed; and pity for the slain,
And soft repentance too, and secret shame
At his too dire accomplishment of woe;
And rising grief well-nigh to bitter turn'd
The sweet enchantment of successful skill.
Half with a sigh, and half with tender smile,
He, gazing still with trembling on the scene,
In sculpture breathing of eternity
This fair memorial carv'd, of living stone.

Now from the sadness of their fall redeem'd,
And all pollution of the dust, the birds

Shine from afar, pure, sacred, and serene;
With plumes immaculate as flaking snow,
Or as the argent feathers of a dove
Whose pinions glitter in the pearl of dawn.

Such metamorphosis, O Stranger! learn
Awaiteth gentle spirits: who, in peace
And undivided harmony of soul,
Abiding meekly on their native earth
As the Supernal Father's rule ordains,
Can yet soar upwards upon Heaven-borne wing.
Urg'd by true prescience of those brighter realms,
In life, they seek the skies; and, at its close,
Steadfast behold, as with an angel's face,
Through parting clouds, the Light of Endless Day!

J. P. M.

LIX.

Stay, Reader! here, that these may tell
How at one shot two woodcocks fell
By one of deathless name:
Immortal Chantrey laid them low,
His chisel has aveng'd the blow,
And doubl'd all his fame.

H. H. Frederick Ars

LX.

Ἐξ ἁπλοῦ σοῦ, Χαντρὲ, βέλους ἐφθείρομεθ' ἄμφω·
Ἐκ σοῦ, Χαντρὲ, κοπέως γιγνόμεθ' αἰδιοι.

LXI.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Chantrey, once aiming, shot us dead, though two;
Chantrey, thrice joyous, sculptur'd whom he slew.

LXII.

Uno ictu morimur simul uno vivimus ictu.

Very Rev. H. H. Milman.

LXIII.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

We died together, by the same
All-skilful hand which gives us fame.

P. B. Duncan.

LXIV.

(1.)

Quâ simul occidimus dextrâ servamur eâdem.

P. B. Duncan.

(2.)

Nos unâ dextrâ moriendo vivimus unâ.

P. B. Duncan.

LXV.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

The same hand death and life could give:—
By yours we died, by yours we live.

P. B. Duncan.

LXVI.

Εἷς μόρος ἀμφοτέροις· ἑνὶ γὰρ βληθέντε βελέμνῳ
Ἑπτάμεθ' ὑστατίην εἰς Ἀχέροντα φυγήν.
Μὴ κλαύσῃς· ὁ βαλὼν γὰρ ἄγει βίον ἐκ θανάτοιο,
Ἀντὶ δ' ἐφαμερίων ἑστάμεθ' ἀθάνατοι.

Rev. W. Selwyn.

LXVII.

IDEM LATINÈ REDDITUM.

Unâ perempti machinâ, novissimam
Unâ fugam volamus usque ad Tartarum.
Haud est dolendum: quippe qui vitam abstulit,
Brevissimam furatus, æternam dedit.

Rev. G. Moberly.

LXVIII.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

(1).

Both had one fate: their lives together end;
And both to gloomy Acheron descend.
Mourn not their end,—nor deem their fate severe,
Fix'd by transcendant art immortal here.

Rev. W. L. Bowles.

LXIX.

(2.)

To both, one fate:—for us one jav'lin slew,
And our last flight to Acheron we flew.
Weep not:—our slayer life from death doth give,
And we, once mortal, now undying live.

J. T. M.

LXX.

"A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
"A soaring spirit is their prime delight;"—*
Then joyous Chantrey, flushing in the grove
These soaring cocks, must be Apollo quite!

J. P. M.

LXXI.

Die! 'mid the scenes ye lov'd so well,
The woodland glade, the flow'ry lea:
Live! and in breathing marble tell
Your victor's double victory!

* Wordsworth: Sonnet XLII. Vol. III. p. 44. ed. 1846.

LXXII.

He merits well Timotheus' prize
And sweet Cecilia's crown,
Who rais'd, immortal, to the skies
The woodcocks he brought down!

J. P. M.

LXXIII.

Go, gay retriever! and to Chantrey tell
That here, obedient to his gun, we fell:—
Then to the world this further record give,
That here, immortalis'd by him, we live!

J. P. M.

LXXIV.

Ὤλεσεν ἀμφοτέρους ἅμα δεξιός· ὃν δὲ παρεῖλε
Τοξευτής, Γλύπτης αὖθις ἔδωκε βίον.

Right Rev. Bishop Maltby.

LXXV.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

At once his skill slew both: but in the grave
The life the Archer took, the Sculptor gave.

J. P. M.

LXXVI.

Εἷς ἦν Τοξευτὴς, καὶ Γλύπτης, ἓν δὲ τὸ τύμμα·
Οἷς δὲ βίος βραχὺς ἦν, νῦν γένετ' ἀΐδιος.

Rt. Rt Rev. Bishop Mant[illegible].

LXXVII.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

(1.)

Archer and Sculptor, one; and one the blow;
And two brief lives were made immortal so!

J. P. M.

LXXVIII.

(2.)

The Sportsman and the Sculptor, one:—the blow
Was one, that laid two fluttering victims low.
Chantrey's bold hand, that snatch'd their fleeting breath,
Bids them in marble here defy the stroke of death.

Right Rev. Edward Otter, Bish[illegible] of Chichester.

LXXIX.

In sport immortal as in art,
Chantrey is gifted to outgo
All others;—'tis his happy part
To double all that they can do.

R. M. Bac[illegible].

LXXX.

"*Sic, ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,*
"*Ad rada Mæandri concinit albus olor.*"

Ovid: *Epist.* VII. 1.

The swan, by smooth Mæander's tide,
First sang its funeral dirge,—then died.
These woodcocks do a harder thing,
For first they die, and then they sing!

[illegible]. P. [illegible]

LXXXI.

A rare success was Chantrey's lot,—
He bagg'd us at a single shot;
And, to commemorate his skill,
In marble made this Re-form'd Bill!

W. P. M.

LXXXII.

Here lie the fruits of Chantrey's gun:—
Two woodcocks,—yet the shot but one!
O had he been content to kill
"The Bill, and nothing but the Bill!"

Sir Edward Hall Alderson.

LXXXIII.

Through æther, swift yon woodcocks flew,—
At once one arrow piere'd the two,
Sped from the bow a Sculptor drew:—

Skill'd to destroy, yet prompt to save,
The lives he took, again he gave,—
A glorious victor o'er the grave!

In brighter form, behold! they rise,
On nobler wing they seek their skies,
And soar to life that never dies!

J. T. M.

LXXXIV.

Occisor an servator estne Chantrius
Diccndus, uno qui trucidat vulnere
Binas aves; misertus arte dein suâ
Cædem rependit,—præmio plusquam pari,—
Donando vitam nempe, quæ tolli nequit.

Archdeacon Wrangham.

LXXXV.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Shall Chantrey be call'd a Destroyer, or not?
He slaughters, indeed, his two birds at one shot:
But pitying his victims, with generous endeavour
To make more than amends, by his chisel so clever
He revives them to live on in marble for ever!

Archdeacon Wrangham.

LXXXVI.

Here the work of a sportsman and sculptor you see,—
In beauty and skill how they seem to agree!
But two birds at one *shot!* this must sure be a blunder,
Two birds with one *stone* had been less of a wonder!

H. Leycester.

LXXXVII.

The sculptor kill'd them at one shot,
And, when the deed was done,
He *carv'd* them,—first, upon one toast,
And then, upon one stone!

Lord Jeffrey.

LXXXVIII.

Can Envy's tooth such taste and skill assail?
Yes!—Gluttons say, "They want the toast and trail!"

J. S. Duncan.

LXXXIX.

The carver's knife in vain their limbs shall sever,—
In Chantrey's marble they unite for ever.

P. B. Duncan.

XC.

Ἐκ σῆς, Χαντρὲ, μιᾶς πληγῆς διπλῆ ἐστιν ἀνάγκη·
Ταῖνδε δυοῖν, θάνατος, μαρμάρεός τε βίος.

XCI.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Chantrey! two fates thy single blow doth give;—
Both woodcocks die, yet in thy sculpture live.

J. P. M.

XCII.

Τύμματος ἐκ Χαντροῦ διπλῆν λελαχηκότε μοῖραν,
Ὤλεσε νὼ μόλιβος, ζῶντ' ἀπέδωκε κοπεύς.

Archdeacon Glover.

XCIII.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Though fall'n by Chantrey's hand, we yet survive;
His gun may kill, his chisel makes alive.

Archdeacon Glover.

XCIV.

Ἦ σὺ μάτην δισσοὺς βαλέειν οἷοστ', ἐπεὶ εἰσιν
Ἀθάνατοι θάνατοι σῆς ὑπό, Χαντρέ, χερός.

J. P. M.

XCV.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

In vain, O Chantrey! thou dost slay the two,
Since by thy hand Death doth immortal grow.

J. P. M.

XCVI.

O lend, ye jolly gunners all, an ear unto my song,
And if it is but very short, it won't detain you long;
And you shall hear how it befell, one fine November day,
That Chantrey on a sudden came where these two woodcocks lay.

The turnings and the twistings of their flight were all in vain,
For soon as they got up to fly, he brought them down again;
Together they fell pleasantly, and comfortably lay,
While he made pretty game of them, quite in an easy way!

And now within the mansion of a noble of the land,
By Chantrey's self in marble carv'd they yonder proudly stand;
And may both you and I be shot, if ever we did see
A sportsman or an artist that was half so good as he!

J. P. M.

XCVII.

We fled from Norway o'er the German wave,
And, pilgrims, here we found an early grave;
Hard fate was ours; for here, at Holkham farm,
We deem'd the stranger had been safe from harm.
But Heav'n consol'd us with our victor's name,
And he that slew us gave us deathless fame.

Rev. W. G. Cookesley.

XCVIII.

Here once two woodcocks were, and then "were not,
"For Chantrey took them;"
He shot, and carv'd the couple, nor forgot
With care to cook them:
Now, in remembrance of so rare a shot,
He bids me book them,
And tell that deathless honor was their lot
When life forsook them.

J. P. M.

XCIX.

Nos transvolantes æthera, unicâ nece
Perita confixit manus.
Peritiæ nunc ipsa pœnitens suæ
Hoc erigit piaculum;
Vitam per omne tempus hoc in marmore
Insigniorem conferens.

M. F. W. Denison.

C.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Us twain, as through the air we flew,
A skilful hand uniquely slew.
Then rais'd, (repenting its own skill,)
This expiation of the ill;
Conferring, in this sculptur'd stone,
For our brief life, a nobler one.

F. F. M.

CI.

With twofold death he barb'd his dart,
And wing'd it with unerring skill :—
Yet, Sculptor! thy consummate art
Doth rather make alive than kill!

J. P. M.

CII.

Amaz'd I view the consecrated spot
Where Chantrey kill'd two woodcocks at a shot;
For yonder, lo! his breathing victims are,
More deathless than in life, and lovelier far!

J. P. M.

CIII.

Ψῦχος Ὑπερβόρεον κραιπναῖς πτερύγεσσι φυγόντε,
Ἄμφω ὁμοῦ πινυτὴ χεὶρ κατέμαρψε μόρῳ·
Ἡ νῦν θειοτέρᾳ τέχνῃ καλλίον᾽ ὀπάζει
Οἰκτείρουσα χάριν, καὶ βίον ἀέναον.

M. P. W. Boulton.

CIV.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

From Hyperborean snows as swift we flew,
A skilful hand us both united slew;
Which,—pitying now,—with art diviner gives
A fairer grace, a soul that ever lives.

J. I. M.

CV.

Nobis gemellis, et gemello vulnere
Ictis, manus quæ straverat vitam dedit,
Haud denuò extinguendam. "Id unde fit, refer."
Chantreius idem qui necat, mori vetat.

Archdeacon Wrangham.

CVI.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

(1.)

To us twin birds, who by one twin wound fell,
The hand that smote, by some strange miracle,
Gave back a life,—for ever to remain!
"How may this be?" you ask, "I pray, explain:"
Chantrey's great name resolves the mystery;—
The twain his aim destroy'd, his art forbade to die.

Archdeacon Wrangham.

CVII.

(2.)

We twins, struck by one twin blow,
From the hand that laid us low
Gain'd immortality :—
Problem solv'd by Chantrey's skill,
Which first prov'd his power to kill,
And then forbade to die!

J. P. M.

CVIII.

Driv'n from the North that would have starv'd them,
This was the way that Chantrey *sarv'd* them,—
He shot them first, and then he *carv'd* them!

Hudson Gurney.

CIX.

Chantrey invented the best of gun-locks,
Which cocks one hammer, and hammers two cocks!

J. P. M.

CX.

Pledge of the sculptor's skill and sportsman's aim,
Again we live and fly, in Chantrey's fame!

Rev. J. Stable.

CXI.

As swift through air from Baltic frosts we flew,
Both at one shot a hand unerring slew:
Which now, repenting of its murderous skill,
By art diviner expiates the ill,
Raising us here, from sportsman's gun secure,
In nobler life eternal to endure.

M. P. W. Boulton.

CXII.

Sir Francis must sure have been much in the habit
Of missing each partridge, hare, pheasant, and rabbit;
For once when he kill'd, by a shot transcendental,
Two woodcocks, the verdict was "*Death Accidental!*"

J. P. M.

CXIII.

Nobis et formâ, et vitâ, fatoque gemellis,
Una manus vitam sustulit, una dedit;
Nam qui detraxit vitam viventibus, ille
Arte suâ jussit vivere marmoreas.

Archdeacon Wrangham.

CXIV.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Closely in form, in life, in death allied,
The hand that kill'd us, and reviv'd, was one;
For He, by whose sure sportsmanship we died,
Has bid us live immortally in stone.

Archdeacon Wrangham.

CXV.

En! unà mortem, Scythicos linquentibus agros,
Mirificam nobis Anglia dura dedit;
At non dura tamen, nobis quæ hoc marmore pulchro
Æternâ vitâ dat simul alma frui.

J. P. M.

CXVI.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Ah cruel England, with strange slaughter blasting
Us two poor birds, from Scythian climates flying!
Yet kind, not cruel, since she grants us, dying,
In this fair marble, life for everlasting!

J. P. M.

CXVII.

From Chantrey's gun, at one dread shot,
Two woodcocks here were slain;
But Chantrey's chisel mourn'd their lot,
And bade them live again.

What sportsman would not gladly find
His own for Chantrey's name?
What woodcock would not die resign'd,
To earn such deathless fame?

Archdeacon Hoare.

CXVIII.

Master of either art! thy works proclaim
Equal in both thy chisel and thine aim!

Sir Robert Adair.

CXIX.

We fell together, victims to the wile
Of Chantrey, and his arms of sylvan strife.
O blest and glorious death!—O happy guile!—
Which thus betray'd us to eternal life!

J. P. M.

CXX.

Medusa's power thou, Chantrey! mak'st thine own;
Like hers, thy victims are transform'd to stone.

C. Verral.

CXXI.

One in their life, and one in death,
They unrepining yield their breath,
  And leave their woods and skies;
Since He whose hand hath laid them low
A brighter fate can thus bestow,
  They fall, again to rise!

O happy pair, together blest,
In airy loveliness ye rest,
  Triumph of godlike power:
Restoring to the Sculptor's name
The gift of that immortal fame
  He gave your dying hour!

Rev. [illegible]. Campbell.

CXXII.

Two woodcocks, Chantrey!—if the tale be true,—
At once fell victims to thy fatal gun.
Love sadly whisper'd, that the birds were two,
But the fond heart, by which they liv'd, was one.

Therefore to celebrate this faithful pair
In glorious sculpture lives their image still:
Bright souls, united in affection rare,
Which Time had hallow'd, and Death could not chill!

A gentle spirit animates the stone,
Warm as with fire descending from above,
To teach the world, O radiant two in one!
The holy lesson of your perfect love!

J. P. M.

CXXIII.

Nos ab Hyperboreo fugientes frigore, eâdem
Mirè corripuit morte perita manus:
Arte magis mirâ nunc hoc in marmore confert
Vitam perpetuam, nobiliusque decus.

M. P. W. Boulton.

CXXIV.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

The hand, with wondrous skill that struck us dead
Together, as from Arctic cold we fled,
With art more wondrous in this marble blends
A nobler grace, and life that never ends.

J. P. M.

CXXV.

Sir Francis here sculptures two woodcocks he got
When sporting at Holkham, both kill'd at one shot;
Their fate and his fame shall thus ever be known,—
They ask'd him for life, and he gave them a stone!

J. P. M.

CXXVI.

Not cypress bring, nor bays, but green sham-rocks:
Nor let th' Hibernian lay provoke thy mocks,
Which sings how dead we live, two stone wood-cocks!

M. P. W. Boulton.

CXXVII.

Sly Cupid one day, to his great joy and wonder,
Shot both of the woodcocks you see hanging yonder:—
In confidence strict I may whisper between us
The rogue had been chasing the poultry of Venus;
And, taking the cocks to be pigeons or sparrows,
He spitted them both upon one of his arrows:—
Sure proof that those beautiful "birds of a feather"
Had rather too closely been flocking together!

Depicting them dead in each other's embraces,
An image of stone was next carv'd by the Graces,
To serve as a record of warning and terror
To other young cocks that might stray into error;
The hens, (pretty things!) too, in pity exhorting
To mind well their eye-sight when Love goes a-sporting,
Remembering always how sad and how stupid
This couple appear, the poor victims of Cupid!

J. P. M.

CXXVIII.

Ὦ ξένε, νῷν θάνατον μὲν ἑνὶ προέπεμψεν ὀϊστῷ,
Εἰκόνα δ' ἡμετέραν εἷς ἐτύπωσεν ἀνήρ,
Δὶς δ' ὅγε θαυμασίαν οὕτως ἐπεδείξατο τέχνην,
Θεὶς ἔργῳ γραφίδων ἔργον ἑκηβολίης·
Ἤτοι μνῆμ' ἔστησεν ἄγρης, ἢ σχέτλιον ἔργον
Οἰκτείρας, ἕτερον νῷν ἀπέδωκε βίον.

D. B. Monro.

CXXIX.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

One man, O Stranger! kill'd us with one dart,
And in this marble our true image drew;
Twice thus he prov'd the magic of his art,
The Sculptor carving what the Archer slew.
To grace his spoils, or mourning in his heart
His cruel deed, he gave us life anew.

J. P. M.

CXXX.

Δισσοὺς οἰωνοὺς μὲν ἰδὼν Χαντρεῖος ἐν ἄλσει,
Εὐθὺς ἀειμνήστῳ τόξον ἔκαμψε χερί·
Λυτῶν δ' οὐκ ἀφάμαρτε· διὰ πτερύγων γὰρ ὀϊστὸς
Ἦιξεν, δισσῶν καὶ κατέμαρψε μόνος.
Παυσάμενος δὲ φόνοιο, καλὸν τόδ' ἄγαλμ' ἀνέθηκεν,
Εἰς αἰεὶ δεινῆς μνῆμα κυναγεσίας.

J. P. M.

CXXXI.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Chantrey beheld two woodcocks in a wood,
And straightway bent his trusty bow and good;
He miss'd them not, for swift his arrow flew,
Piercing their wings, and both the woodcocks slew.
He then set up for ever in this place
This stone, fair record of his skilful chase.

J. P. M.

CXXXII.

Vixerunt, vivunt, O vis quanta entis! eâdem
Ad vitam reduces quâ periere manu!

J. G. Children.

CXXXIII.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

They liv'd, they live:—the hand by which they died,
—O force of life!—a second life supplied.

J. P. M.

CXXXIV.

Ὄρνιθας τούτους μὲν ἴτυψ' ἅμ' ὁ τερπικέραυνος
Γλύπτης, τὸν θάνατόν τ' ὤλεσε πανδαμάτωρ.

J. P. M.

CXXXV.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

The sculptor both these birds with lightning-blow
At once destroyed, and Death, a mightier foe.

J. P. M.

CXXXVI.

They fly, they fall; by Chantrey's hand they die;
Yet live, for he to life gives immortality.

R. M. Bacon.

CXXXVII.

By Chantrey's hand together we were slain,
By Chantrey's hand, behold! we live again.

CXXXVIII.

When Chantrey, crafty artist! came, and at this couple popp'd,
They knew the game was up with them, and so the twig they hopp'd!

J. P. M.

CXXXIX.

At once two woodcocks fell; yet each survives;
For he who slew them had insur'd their lives!

J. P. M.

CXL.

Ὁ πᾶσι κλεινὸς Χάντερος καλούμενος
Τούσδ' ὤλεσεν κοὐκ ὤλεσ' ἐν ῥιπῇ μιᾷ.

CXLI.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

By famous Chantrey's hand, and at one shot,
These woodcocks perish'd, and yet perish'd not.

J.-P. M.

CXLII.

Ne moriare, mori.

Cum mortem comitentur honores haud morituri,
Nonne operæ pretium est, ne moriare, mori?

Archdeacon Wrangham.

CXLIII.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

To escape death by dying.

Since death is follow'd by fame so undying,
'Twere wisdom to escape from death by dying.

J. P. M.

CXLIV.

Ἡμᾶς Ζεὺς κτεῖνε, κτείνας δ' ὤκτειρε, λιθουργός.
Χλαῖναν δ' ὀλλυμένοις ἀμφιβαλὼν λιθίνην
Ἀμφοτέροις δῶκε ζωήν, ἡμῖν τε λίθῳ τε,
Εὖθυς τ' ἐκ θνητῶν ἑστάμεθ' ἀθάνατοι.

Rev. W. E. Jelf.

CXLV.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Jove slew us; and then, pitying us slain,
Swath'd in a stony shroud our effigies.
The stone, and us, His power inspir'd again,
And lo! we mortals now immortal rise!

J. I. M.

CXLVI.

Not by the sculptor's hands this feat was done:—
His Gorgon aspect turn'd these birds to stone!

J. P. M.

CXLVII.

Eager for life, the sportsman's path we cross'd,
And more than life we gain'd, but paid the cost.
His hand, responsive to a twofold aim,
Doom'd us to death, and dealt us lasting fame.

Rev. J. L. Petit.

CXLVIII.

Simultas, Simulatio, et Dissimulatio.

Venator sculptorque simul, petit arma nemusque,
Hasque duas volucres trajicit ille simul.
"Perpetua esto," orat, "tam perjucunda simultas,
"Ponam et sylvanis Dîs simulacra simul."
Vivas tunc simulat volucres; artemque triumphis
Marmoreis memorans, arma nemusque simul.

J. P. M.

CXLIX.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

He seeks the wood, sculptor and sportsman rare,—
At once his arrow slays these woodcocks there!
"Still let them live," he cries, "in deathless grace;
"Their sculptur'd forms shall consecrate the place."
He carves the birds, to life and Nature true;—
In marble triumph sport and sculpture too!

J. P. M.

CL.

The wood re-echoed loud, and Chantrey slew
At once, two beauteous woodcocks as they flew;
But when in haste the sylvan band drew near,
They found the woodcocks turn'd to marble there:—
Each feather'd grace retaining when they died,
His art divine the birds had petrified!

J. P. M.

CLI.

Two woodcocks fall at his one shot
The joyous Chantrey smil'd to see;
Then, pitying their untimely lot,
He gave them immortality.

J. Spencer Stanhope.

CLII.

Mori Lucrum.

Vximus; fatoque, Chantrio enecante, cessimus:
Chantrio sculpente, vitam sempiternam vivimus.
Ergo nobis ille cæsis efficit mori lucrum!

Archdeacon Wrangham.

CLIII.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Death a Gain.

We liv'd; by Chantrey were together slain;
And by his art for ever live again.
Thus, to us dying he makes death a gain.

J. P. M.

CLIV.

While sapient rules each grave grammarian gives,
Here an anomaly in marble lives;
Priscian might try to comprehend, in vain,
How *dual* birds were *singularly* slain!

J. P. M.

CLV.

One was the shot;—twofold the plumy spoil;—
Triple the glory of the Sculptor's toil;
For thrice th' unrivall'd hand must honor'd be,
Which, O bright monument! thus lives in thee!

J. P. M.

CLVI.

Τούσδ' ὁ Πραξιτέλης ἅμα δεξιὸς ἔξελεν ὄρνις·
Ζῶσι δ', (ὁρᾶτε τὸ σῆμ',) ὕστερον οἱ λίθινοι.

Sir John Williams.

CLVII.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

These birds at once by Chantrey's skill were slain;
But in the marble, lo! they live again!

J. P. M.

CLVIII.

Uno nos eadem casu quæ fortè peremit,
Ecce immortales reddidit arte manus.

Lord Tenterden.

CLIX.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

He who by chance at once us woodcocks slew,
Lo! by his art hath made us live anew!

J. P. M.

CLX.

The cocks are two:—the shot was one:—
Chantrey had double-cock'd his gun!

J. P. M.

CLXI.

A double skill the sculptor here may boast,
Who carv'd them first in stone, and then on toast!

CLXII.

Sculpteur-chasseur, ton bizarre génie
Donne en même tems la mort et la vie!

J. P. M.

CLXIII.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Well might that sportsman-sculptor's skill surprise us,
Who first could kill, and then immortalize us!

J. P. M.

CLXIV.

Χαντροῦ χεὶρ νῶ τῷδε τόπῳ ποτ' ἄγαλμ' ἀνέθηκεν,
Οἶν πρὶν ἅπαξ ἔβαλεν, καινοποιοῦσα φύσιν.

CLXV.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

Chantrey, who erst us both to death pursued,
Here plac'd this sculpture, and our life renew'd.

J. P. M.

CLXVI.

Sine morte mori.

Sic nos, felices volucres, juvat ire sub umbras,
Somnoque æterno sic sine morte mori.

J. P. M.

CLXVII.

THE SAME TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

To die without death.

Thus to the shades we happy woodcocks fly,
And thus, in sleep eternal, deathless die.

J. P. M.

CLXVIII.

How liberal Mr. Coke must be
If with delight he still can see—
(What every one with terror fills)—
A man who brings in such long bills!

R. H. Bacon.

CLXIX.

Two long bills of Chantrey, at once falling due,
Met a ready discharge, at the bank where he drew;
May we ever be furnish'd with shot in the locker
To pay all our bills thus according to *Cocker!*

J. P. M.

CLXX.

Quidam ex antiquis "Periissem ni periissem"
Dixit: idem poterunt dicere nunc et aves.

Archdeacon Wrangham.

CLXXI.

THE SAME IMITATED IN ENGLISH.

As once an ancient sage did sing,
These woodcocks now may say:—
"He sav'd our clay from mouldering
"By moulding us in clay."

J. F. M.

CLXXII.

Chantrey, by genius prompted to excel,
When first the fatal tube he tried,
Sad victims to his new-found skill
Two beauteous woodcocks died.

Repenting quick the cruel deed
And urg'd by pity to atone,
He claims his magic chisel's aid,
And turns them into stone.

Thus sacred Justice is appeas'd,
Each bird in breathing marble lives:
While the immortal fame they gain
The sculptor shares and gives.

W. T.

CLXXIII.

Unhappy birds! the jest of every tongue,
First shot, then carv'd, and murder'd last in song,—
If all let fly at you, wherefore, I pray,
May I not have a shot as well as they?

Rev. Joseph Power.

CLXXIV.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

"Shoot, if you please,"—the cocks serene reply;—
"As for *your* hitting us, that 's all my eye!"

J. F. M.

CLXXV.

These birds, that live in marble and in verse,
The Sportsman's, Sculptor's, Poet's praise rehearse
To future times :—where then shall we award
The palm victorious, honour's bright reward ?

Of those same birds, my friends, I treasure still
A lasting memory Time will never kill ;
All have their tastes ;—I mine ;—and, to my eyes,
The Cook's the artist that deserves the prize !

Rev. Joseph Power.

CLXXVI.

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

" If you must roast us woodcocks for your feast,
" Let Coke of Holkham be our Cook, at least ! "

J. P. M.

CLXXVII.

COCK WOODCOCK LOQUITUR.

When, losing all that he most dearly lov'd,
Job's faith and patience by the fiend were prov'd,
His sorest grief was, every one allows,
That Satan did *not* take away his spouse.

Chantrey hath caus'd to me a greater woe,
In sending mine, with me, to shades below;
And,—worst of all,—he sculptures in a rock
Th' eternal sorrows of a hen-peck'd Cock!

J. P. M.

CLXXVIII.

HEN WOODCOCK LOQUITUR.

In hollies and bays of an evergreen cover,
We, fair Fanny Woodcock, and Billy my lover,
Were nestl'd all snug, notwithstanding hard weather,
And kept ourselves warm by close pressing together:—
We poor little souls thought of nothing but billing,
When cruel Sir Francis came, arm'd for our killing.

We rose, and he fir'd at poor Billy, while flying,
Who flutter'd and sank, and I saw he was dying:—
So then I fell with him, and, by the same token,
The heart of his poor little Fanny was broken;—
I just could discern, with my fast-failing glances,
The savage delight of that villain Sir Francis!

Where hearts had been throbbing, and vows had been plighted,
Now Love lay a-bleeding, and Hope was all blighted:—
O shame, thus to slay, for his sport in the covers,
Two youthful, and happy, and innocent lovers!
I wonder how he, if his wife had thus perish'd,
Would have relish'd the loss of the Lady he cherish'd!

I know that he carv'd us on toast at the table,
And then in white marble, (as well he was able,)
But as for one shot killing both, don't believe ye
The tale the arch-sculptor has fram'd to deceive ye;
For Chantrey, to add to his sport and his glory,
I vow has invented a thundering story.

I was *not* shot by any such "Son of the Thunder,"
But could not have liv'd from my Billy asunder;
And, dying or dead, I endeavour to warble
That truth is here misrepresented in marble;—
TWO WOODCOCKS SO KILL'D NEVER HUNG IN A PANTRY:—
PUT THAT IN YOUR PIPE AND SMOKE IT, MASTER CHANTREY!

J. P. M.

CLXXIX.

We pretty woodcocks, Stranger! tell
How, flush'd in Holkham's dingle,
Both in one evil moment fell
To Chantrey's shot, though single:—

But from the grave, his pity deep
And Sculptor's skill restore us;
And, as in marble bed we sleep,
Sweet requiems sound o'er us.

Mourn not, as immature, our doom,
Nor fall'n for ever deem us:—
Hark! there ariseth from the tomb
An echo;—"RESURGEMUS!"

J. P. M.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Adieu, ye gentle woodcocks, now remov'd
From groves and valleys which on earth ye lov'd!
No more the tangl'd forest-paths ye trace,
While moonbeams light each old familiar place;
No more repose beneath the laurell'd shade,
Or at sweet sunset "haunt the wat'ry glade:"*
No more explore the wave that skirts the weeds,
Where trembling breezes shiver in the reeds;
In bosky dingle, or on sedgy shore,
Your rapid wings resound, alas! no more!

Your further fate entrust we to His care
Who form'd, and loves, and feeds the fowls of air:—

* "Where doves in flocks the leafless trees invade;
"And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade."
Pope: *Windsor Forest*, l. 127–8.

Without Whose will, through all Creation's round,
A very sparrow falls not to the ground.
So, in supreme migration, may ye fly
Through purer æther to a happier sky,
Where, borne aloft on swift angelic wing,
Melodious carols bright bird-spirits sing:*
Where flowers of Paradise eternal blow,
And Heav'nly streams from founts perennial flow:—
Where no dread gun by day, no springe by night,
Startles your quiet, or arrests your flight,

* *See* OVID, AMOR. II. *Eleg.* vi. l. 49–52.

" Colle sub Elysio nigrâ nemus ilice frondens,
" Udaque perpetuo gramine terra, viret.
" Si qua fides dubiis, volucrum locus ille piarum
" Dicitur." . . . . . .

" A hill of Heaven dark ilex-groves surround,
" And dewy turf, with deathless verdure crown'd;
" There,—(if aught doubtful we may dare to trust!)—
" Dwell pious birds, redeem'd from mortal dust."

So also GRESSET, VER-VERT, *Chant Quatrième*, l. 170–173.

" Dans l'Elysée et les sacrés bosquets
" Le mene au rang des héros perroquets,
" Près de celui dont l'amant de Corine
" A pleuré l'ombre et chanté la doctrine."

" Him to the hero-parrots' home removes,
" In blest Elysium and the sacred groves:—
" Near him whose ghostly shade and sapient tongue
" Corinna's lover hath bewail'd and sung."

And faithful spaniels, with their masters blest,
Have ceas'd from troubling weary birds that rest!

Nor all unheeded shall your memory die,
Lost in the light of immortality!
When future game shall fall,—as fall it must,—
And other fowlers be forgot in dust;—
When Sculptor's toils, and Poet's dreams are o'er,
And these slight numbers shall be heard no more,
Pow'rless the hand, "and mute the tuneful tongue,"
Cold as the marble which they carv'd or sung,—
Still shall the breathing stone these birds portray,
And charm mankind at some far-distant day;
To Chantrey's Woodcocks fame unfading give,
And they, undying as his name, shall live!

J. P. M.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

PAGE

" A cheerful life is what the Muses love 56
Adieu, ye gentle woodcocks, now remov'd—EPILOGUE 111
A double skill the sculptor here may boast 97
Ah cruel England, with strange slaughter blasting 77
Amaz'd I view the consecrated spot 70
A rare success was Chantrey's lot 61
Archer and Sculptor, one; and one the blow 59
Ἄρτεμι, σοὶ τάδ' ἀγάλμαθ' ὁ τοξευτὴρ ἀνέθηκεν 40
Ask why such honour Chantrey doth await 38
As once an ancient sage did sing 100
As swift through air from Baltic frosts we flew 75
At Holkham, for sport, on a day that was set 39
At once a fowler shot us both; and then 47
At once his skill slew both: but in the grave 58
At once two woodcocks fell; yet each survives 88
Augustus, that mightiest mortar-compounder 33

Both had one fate: their lives together end 55
By Chantrey's hand together we were slain 88
By famous Chantrey's hand, and at one shot 89
By the same hand we fall, and we revive 44
By two-fold blow, though single shot 45

Can Envy's tooth such taste and skill assail? 65
Chantreii manus hasce vulnere uno 25
Chantrey beheld two woodcocks in a wood 86
Chantrey, by genius prompted to excel 101

	PAGE
Chantrey invented the best of gun-locks	74
Chantrey kill'd these woodcocks flying	22
Chantrey, once aiming, shot us dead, though two	52
Chantrey, thy hand, twice-skill'd, destroys to save	35
Chantrey! two fates thy single blow doth give	65
Chantrey, who erst us both to death pursued	98
Closely in form, in life, in death allied	76
Cum mortem comitentur honores haud morituri	89
Death's fatal shaft, with lurid lightning's glow	41
Die! 'mid the scenes ye lov'd so well	56
Δισσοὺς οἰωνοὺς μὲν ἰδὼν Χαντρεῖος ἐν ἅλσει	86
Driv'n from the North that would have starv'd them	74
Each bullet, they say, has its own proper billet	38
Eager for life, the sportsman's path we cross'd	91
Εἰκόνε τώδ' ἔστησεν, ἑνὸς λίθου ἐκπεφυῶτε	19
Εἷς ἦν Τοξευτὴς, καὶ Γλύπτης, ἐν δὲ τὸ τύμμα	59
Εἷς μόρος ἀμφοτέροις· ἑνὶ γὰρ βληθέντε βελέμνῳ	54
Ἐκ σῆς, Χαντρὲ, μιᾶς πληγῆς διπλῆ 'στιν ἀνάγκη	65
En! unà mortem, Scythicos linquentibus agros	77
Ἐξ ἁπλοῦ σοῦ, Χαντρὲ, βέλους ἐφθείρομεθ' ἄμφω	52
Ἡμᾶς Ζεὺς κτεῖνε, κτείνας δ' ᾠκτειρε, λιθουργός	90
Ἦ σὺ μάτην δισσοὺς βαλέειν οἰοστ', ἐπεὶ εἰσιν	66
For their reft lives the slaught'rer to atone	26
From Chantrey's gun, at one dread shot	78
From Hyperborean snows as swift we flew	71
From kindred cocks, when robb'd of life	20
Go, gay retriever! and to Chantrey tell	57
"Go, little book!" and of the Sculptor tell—L'Envoi	3
Happy at once and miserable, we	37
He carv'd these two, both springing from one stone	19
He hit the birds: and, with an aim as true	26
He merits well Timotheus' prize	57

PAGE

Here lie the fruits of Chantrey's gun 61
Here once two woodcocks were, and then "were not" 68
Here the work of a sportsman and sculptor you see 64
He seeks the wood, sculptor and sportsman rare 92
He who by chance at once us woodcocks slew 96
His bow but once when skilful Chantrey drew 33
His fortunate skill must be great, we will own 36
How liberal Mr. Coke must be 99

"If you must roast us woodcocks for your feast 103
In Arctic zones the gliding streams 43
In hollies and bays of an evergreen cover 105
In life, One slew us. Now, with nobler flight 28
In sport immortal as in art 60
In vain, O Chantrey! thou dost slay the two 66

Jove slew us, and then, pitying us slain 90

Let passing sportsman hail the favour'd spot 46
Life in Death, a mystic lot 24
Long may this spotless marble tell 41
Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death 24

Master of either art! thy works proclaim 79
Medusa's power thou, Chantrey! mak'st thine own 79
Μιᾶς ποθ' ἡμᾶς διπτύχῳ πληγῇ βολῆς 45

Nobis et fornâ, et vitâ, fatoque gemellis 76
Nobis gemellis, et gemello vulnere 72
Nos ab Hyperboreo fugientes frigore, eâdem 82
Nos transvolantes æthera, unicâ nece 69
Nos unâ dextrâ moriendo vivimus unâ 53
Not by the sculptor's hands this feat was done 91
Not cypress bring, nor bays, but green sham-rocks 83

Occisor an servator estne Chantrius 63
Οἵηπερ Νιόβης μοίρη τοιήδε καὶ ἡμῖν 37
O lend, ye jolly gunners all, an ear unto my song 67

PAGE

Once, Stranger! these twin monumental birds 49
One in their life, and one in death 80
One man, O Stranger! kill'd us with one dart 85
One shot fir'd Chantrey, through the greenwood straying . . . 46
One shot of Chantrey shew'd his power 42
One was the shot:—twofold the plumy spoil 95
Ὁ πᾶσι κλεινὸς Χάντερος καλούμενος 89
Ὄρνιθας τούτους μὲν ἔτυψ' ἅμ' ὁ τερπικέραυνος 87

Pledge of the sculptor's skill and sportsman's aim 74
Praxiteles sumptâ pharetrâ, telisque Dianæ 11
Praxiteles with Dian's quiver stood 13
Πῦρ κλέψας, τὸν πηλὸν ἐνεψύχωσε Προμηθεύς 32
Πύρπνοον εἶλε βέλος, τομὸς ἐψύχωσε σίδηρος 18

Quidam ex antiquis "Periissem ni periissem" 100
Quâ morimur dextrâ in lucem revocamur câdem 44
Quâ simul occidimus dextrâ servamur câdem 53

Reader! these woodcocks, once "a happy couple"—Prologue . . 7
Rais'd to the sylvan Genius of the place 23

Sculpteur-chasseur, ton bizarre génie 97
Sculptor, who slew these two in one! 28
Shall Chantrey be call'd a Destroyer, or not? 63
"Shoot, if you please,"—the cocks serene reply 102
Sic nos, felices volucres, juvat ire sub umbras 98
Since death is follow'd by fame so undying 89
Sir Francis here sculptures two woodcocks he got 83
Sir Francis must sure have been much in the habit 75
Sly Cupid one day, to his great joy and wonder 84
Stay, Reader! here, that these may tell 52
Successful by a single aim and dart 48
Swift fire destroy'd, sharp steel restor'd their lives 18

The carver's knife in vain their limbs shall sever 65
The cocks are two:—the shot was one 97
The hand of Chantrey by a single blow 25

PAGE

The hand, with wondrous skill that struck us dead 82
Their good, and ill, from the same source they drew 26
The life the sportsman-artist took 27
The same hand death and life could give 53
The same skill'd hand that took their lives on high 26
The sculptor both these birds with lightning-blow 87
The sculptor kill'd them at one shot 64
These birds at once by Chantrey's skill were slain 96
These birds, that live in marble and in verse 103
The snowy hills of Norway bred us 34
The Sportsman and the Sculptor, one:—the blow 59
The swan, by smooth Mæander's tide 60
The woodcocks' fate let choral woodlarks warble 27
The wood re-echoed loud, and Chantrey slew 93
They fly, they fall; by Chantrey's hand they die 88
They liv'd, they live:—the hand by which they died 87
Though fall'n by Chantrey's hand, we yet survive 66
Through æther, swift yon woodcocks flew 62
Thus to the shades we happy woodcocks fly 98
Thy fire, Prometheus! warm'd to life the clay 32
To both, one fate:—for us one jav'lin slew 55
To thee, O Artemis! the archer gave 40
Τούσδ' ὁ Πραξιτέλης ἅμα δεξιὸς ἔξελεν ὄρνις 96
To us twin birds, who by one twin wound fell 72
Τύμματος ἐκ Χαντροῦ διπλῆν λελαχηκότε μοῖραν 66
"Two birds with one stone:"—but the proverb has wit 36
Two long bills of Chantrey, at once falling due 99
Two woodcocks, Chantrey!—if the tale be true 81
Two woodcocks fall at his one shot 93

Unâ perempti machinâ, novissimam 54
Unhappy birds! the jest of every tongue 102
Uno conatu felix, unâque sagittâ 48
Uno eodemque ictu nos auceps stravit; at idem 47
Uno ictu morimur simul uno vivimus ictu 53
Uno nos eadem casu quæ fortè peremit 96
Unto Holkham's mansion proud 15
Us at once a sportsman clever 42

PAGE

Us twain, as through the air we flew 69

Venator sculptorque simul, petit arma nemusque 92
Vixerunt, vivunt, O vis quanta entis! eâdem 87
Viximus; fatoque, Chantrio enecante, eessimus 94

We died together, by the same 53
We fell together, victims to the wile 79
We fled from Norway o'er the German wave 68
We liv'd; by Chantrey were together slain 94
Well might that sportsman-sculptor's skill surprise us 97
We pretty woodcocks, Stranger! tell 107
We twins, struck by one twin blow 73
We two, escap'd from dreary Scythia's snow 21
When Chantrey, crafty artist! came, and at this couple popp'd . . 88
When, losing all that he most dearly lov'd 104
While sapient rules each grave grammarian gives 95
Winter's morn is redly breaking 29
With gun, or chisel, thou art doubly clever 36
With twofold death he barb'd his dart 70

Χαντρὲ, βαλὼν, γλύψας, δὶς δισσὸν θαῦμ' ἐποίησας 36
Χαντροῦ χεὶρ νῶ τῷδε τόπῳ πυτ' ἄγαλμ' ἀνέθηκεν 98

Ψῦχος ἀλυξαμένω Σκιθίας δυσχειμέρου, ἄμφω 21
Ψῦχος Ὑπερβόρεον κραιπναῖς πτερύγεσσι φυγόντε 71

Ὤλεσεν ἀμφοτέρους ἅμα δεξιός· ὃν δὲ παρεῖλε 58
Ὦ ξένε, νῷν θάνατον μὲν ἑνὶ προέπεμψεν ὀϊστῷ 85

THE END.

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